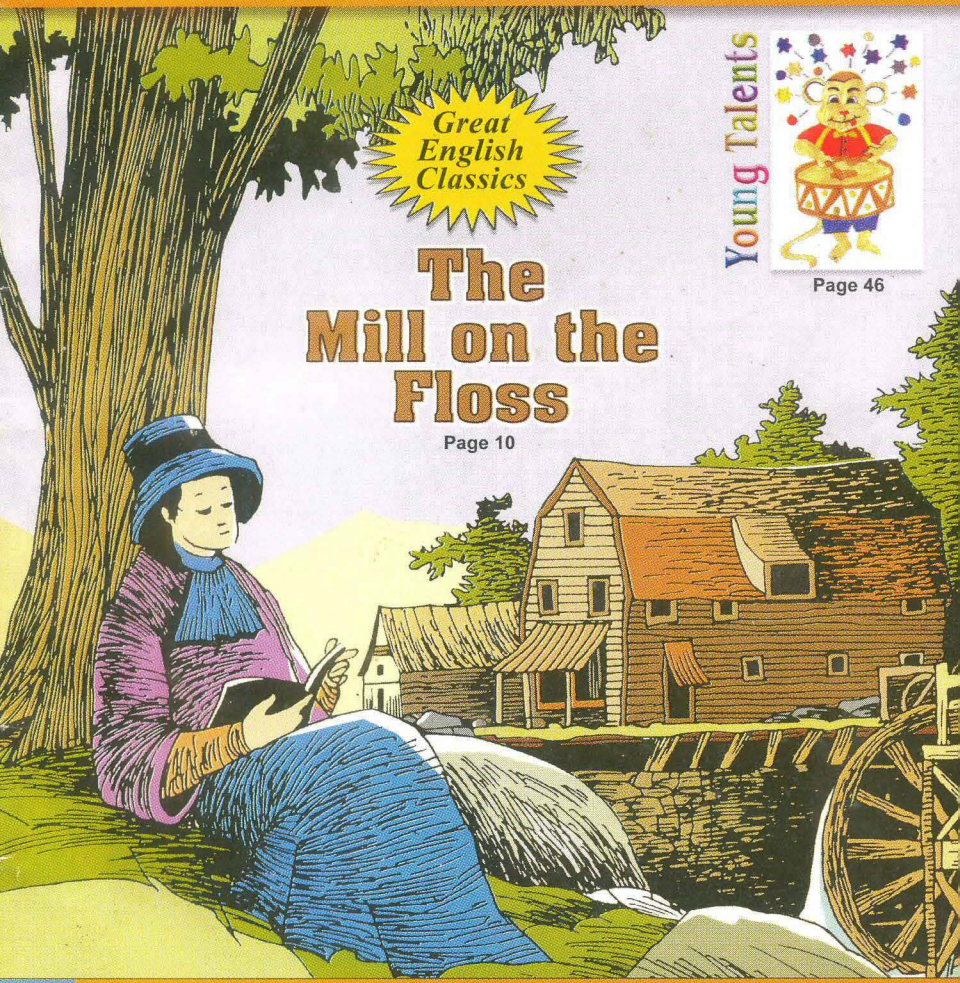
Rashtra Deepika Vol. 9 No. 9 September 2005

CHILDREN'S DIGEST



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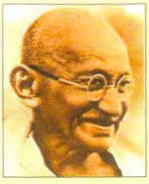
Plus Towards Better English • A Leaf out of Literature • Fun Time • Quiz Time, etc.

Catchy Quotes



- An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind.

  - **Mahatma Gandhi**

- A good reputation is more valuable than money.

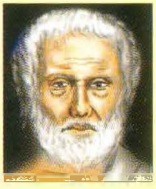
  - Publilius Syrus

- A celebrity is a person who works hard all his life to become well known, then wears dark glasses to avoid being recognized.

  - Fred Allen

- A reputation once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep its eyes on the spot where the crack was.

  - Joseph Hall



- Pleasure in the job puts perfection in the work.

  - **Aristotle**

- Experience is a hard teacher because she gives the test first, the lesson afterwards.

  - Unknown

- The shell must break before the bird can fly.

  - Tennyson

- Your vision will become clear only when you can look into your own heart. Who looks outside, dreams; who looks inside, awakes.

  - Carl Jung

- When we long for life without difficulties, remind us that oaks grow strong in contrary winds and diamonds are made under pressure.

  - Peter Marshall

- A person wrapped up in himself makes a small package.

  - **Harry Emerson Fosdick**

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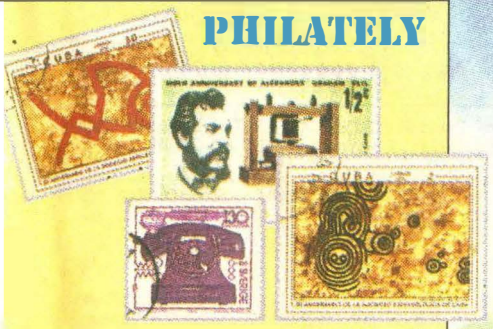
PHILATELY



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Thought for the Month

A mind without instruction can no more bear fruit than can a field, however fertile, without cultivation.

- Cicero

Tales Behind Sayings

There is a Time to Yield

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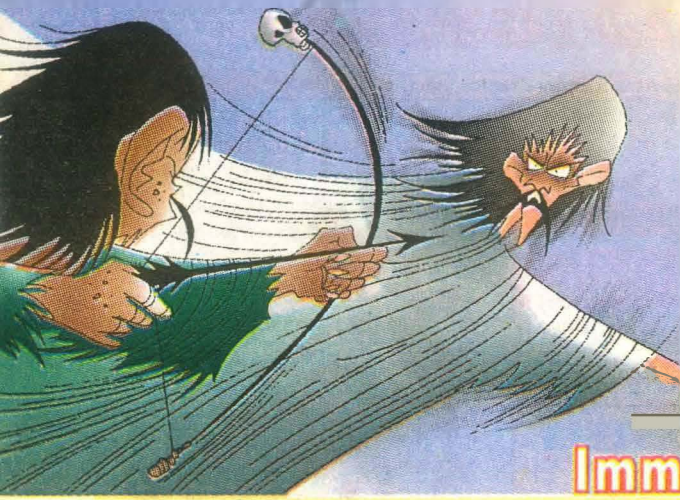

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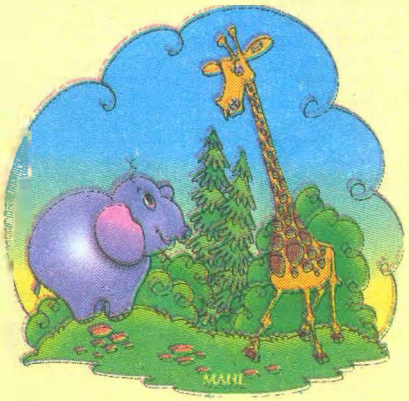
Just So Stories

Long long ago, in the 'High and Far-Off Times', elephants did not have long trunks, only snub noses, which could be wriggled but not used for picking up things. There lived an Elephant's Child who vexed everybody with his 'satiable curtiosity'. He wanted to know why his aunt, the Ostrich's tail-feathers grew just so; what made his uncle, the Giraffe's skin spotty; why the eyes of his aunt the Hippopotamus were red, and so on - notwithstanding the fact that all this questioning invariably earned him a spanking. He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity'!

Finally, after he had crowned his misdeeds by asking, "What does the Crocodile have for dinner?" and earned an immediate and long spanking from everyone for the question, he met a Kolokolo Bird who advised him, "Go to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out." The Elephant's Child, ever eager for information, hastened to follow the advice.

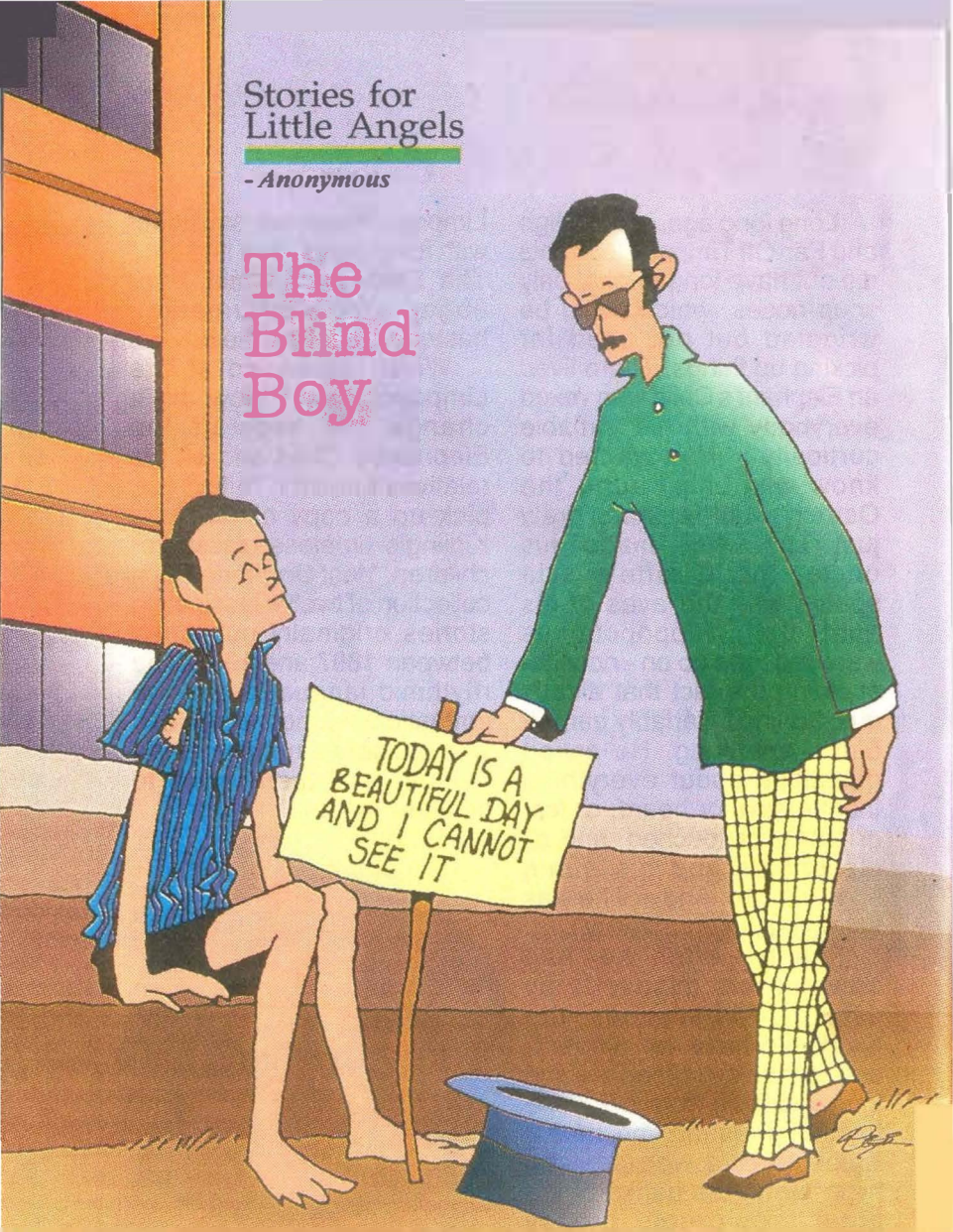
What happened at the Limpopo River? How did it change the lives of the Elephant's Child and all his relatives forever? To find out, pick up a copy of Rudyard Kipling's timeless classic for children, 'Just So Stories' – a collection of twelve fascinating stories originally published between 1897 and 1902. The rhythmic language and the fantastical themes, combined with the gentle humour of the stories, lend themselves to bedtime reading.



Stories for Little Angels

- Anonymous

The Blind Boy



A blind boy sat on the steps of a building with a hat by his feet. He held up a sign, which said: "I am blind, please help."

There were only a few coins in the hat. A man was walking by. He took some coins from his pocket and dropped them into the hat. He then took the sign, turned it around, and wrote some words. He put the sign back so that everyone who walked by would see the new words.

Soon the hat began to fill up. A lot more people were giving money to the blind boy. That afternoon the man who had changed the sign came to see how things were. The boy recognized his footsteps and asked, "Were you the one who changed my sign this morning? What did you write?"

The man said, "I only wrote the truth. I said what you said but in a different way."

What he had written was: "Today is a beautiful day and I cannot see it."

Be creative. Be innovative. Think differently. There is always a better way! ■

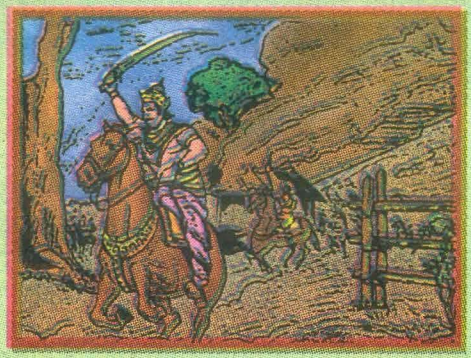
Be a Friend

Try different ways to show that you really are a friend.

- If your friends edge somebody out of the group, have lunch with that person.
- Send a birthday card to someone who is unpopular in your school/college.
- Talk to your teachers about tutoring a younger student in a subject you're good at.
- Change the topic if your friends are gossiping or picking on someone.
- Offer a better idea than any self-destructive action your friends are considering.

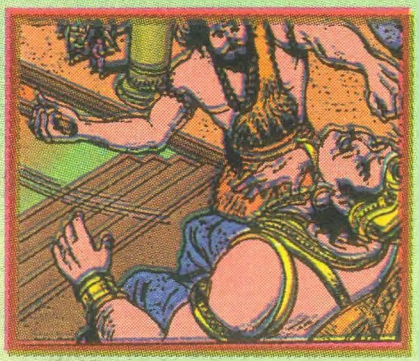
Courtesy:
Christopher News Notes

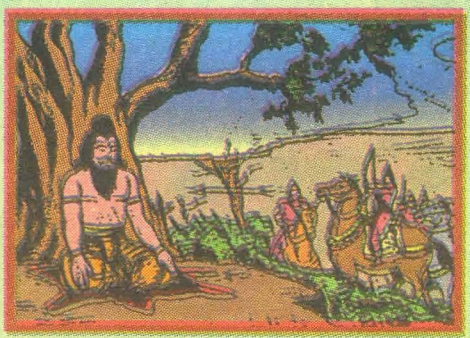
AN AXE FOR THE TYRANTS - I



A sage named Jamadagni had a peaceful ashram in the forest. One day the arrogant King Kartavirya, out on a hunting expedition, trespassed into the ashram. He ransacked and destroyed it, just for fun.

Sage Jamadagni had a son named Rama who had been away when all this happened. When he returned and saw the scene of carnage, he was furious. Picking up a parasu (axe), he marched to the king's palace and beheaded him. From then on he came to be known as Parasurama.





Kartavirya's sons were infuriated and decided to avenge their father's killing. The next day, they rode into the forest and killed Sage Jamadagni as he sat in meditation. Parasurama was again away at that time.

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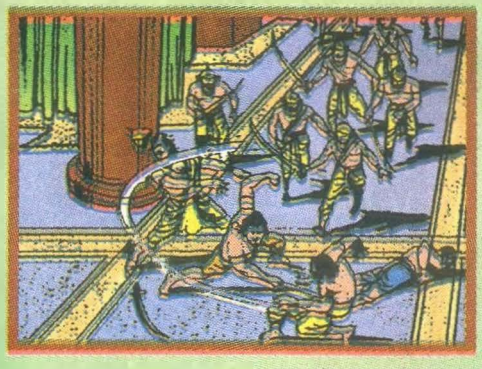
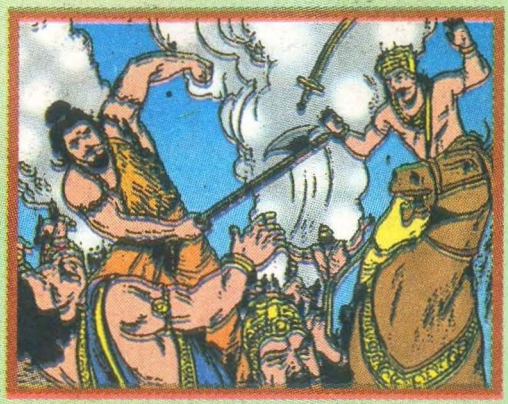


The next day, Parasurama returned to the palace and confronted the princes single-handed with his axe. Though a priest by birth, he surpassed them in valour and strength.

Parasurama was not content with avenging his father's death. He realised that the kingly class, as a whole, had become cruel and tyrannical. He decided to rid the world of the menace of the tyrants.



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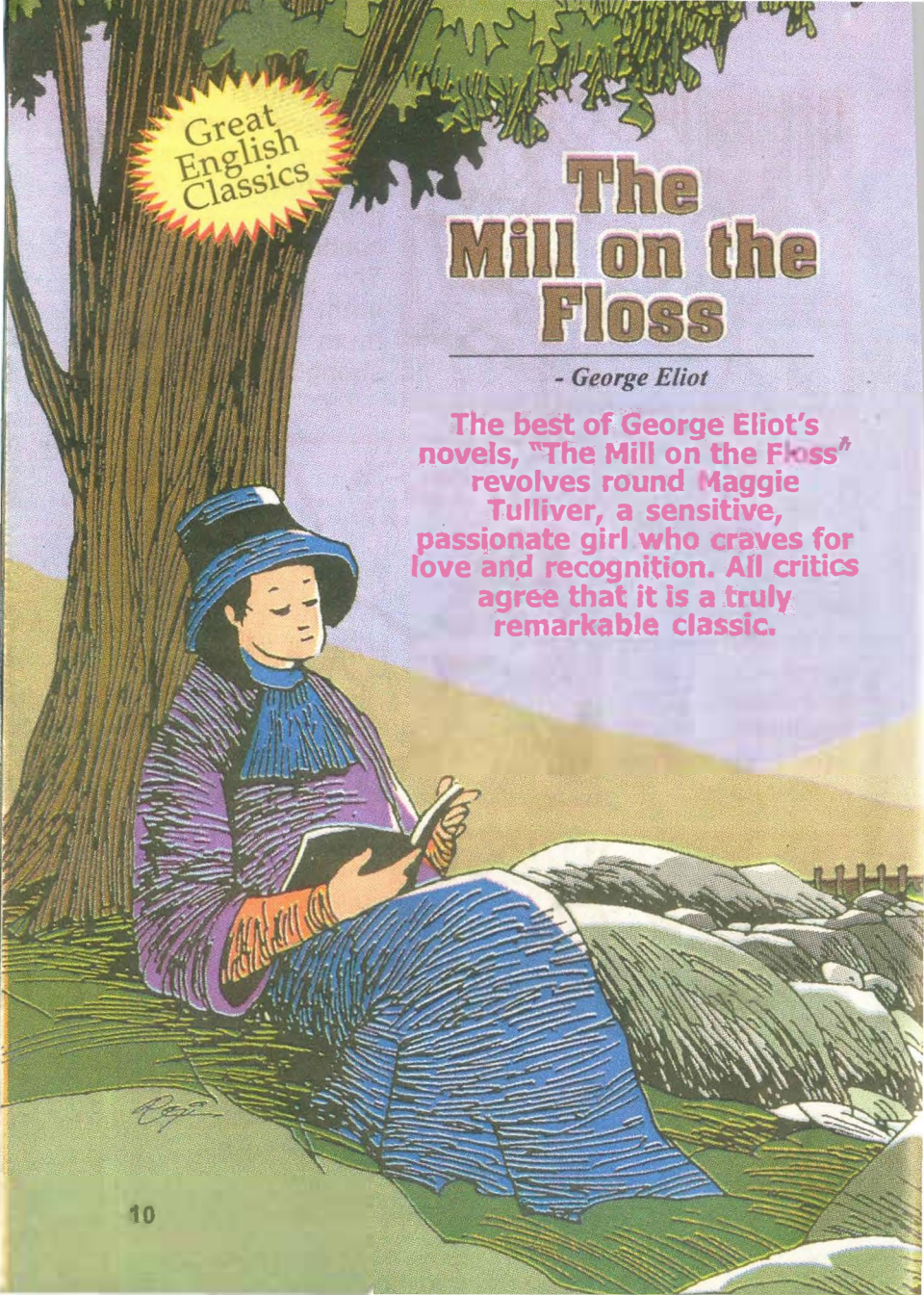
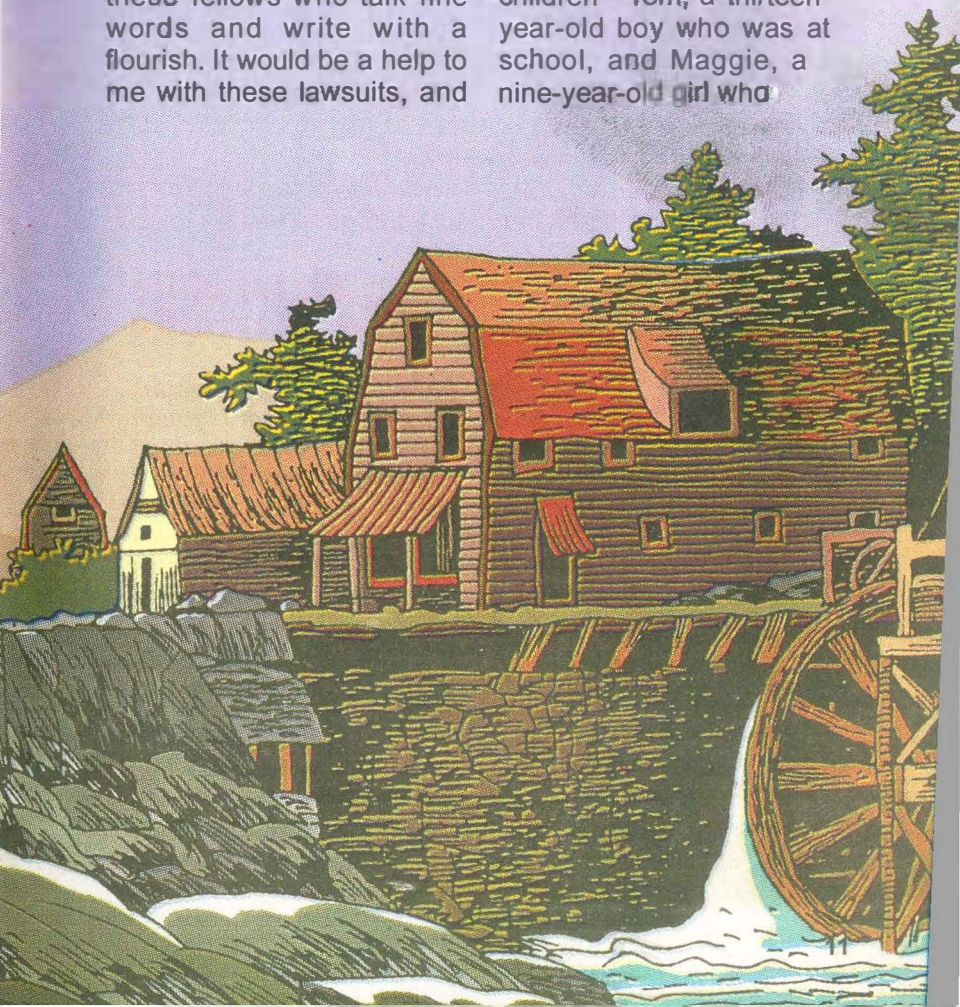
He carried out his mission of annihilation twenty-one times. Finally, he performed the funeral rites of his father on the banks of a lake that had turned red with the blood of the slain tyrants.

(To continue...)


Great English Classics
The Mill on the Floss
- George Eliot
The best of George Eliot's novels, "The Mill on the Floss" revolves round Maggie Tulliver, a sensitive, passionate girl who craves for love and recognition. All critics agree that it is a truly remarkable classic.

"What I want, you know," said Mr. Tulliver. "What I want is to give Tom a really good education. I should like Tom to be a scholar so that he'll be up to the tricks of these fellows who talk fine words and write with a flourish. It would be a help to me with these lawsuits, and arbitrations, and things."

Mr. Tulliver was the owner of Dorlcote Mill, which stood on the Ripple, a tributary of the river Floss. Mrs. Tulliver was a fair, nice-looking woman. They had two children - Tom, a thirteen-year-old boy who was at school, and Maggie, a nine-year-old girl who



stayed at home.

Now Tom was at a school called "The Academy". Mrs. Tulliver only wished that Tom's new school should be not too far from their home so that she might wash and mend for him and also send him some nice things to eat at times.

Mr. Tulliver wanted to consult a friend of his, Mr. Riley the auctioneer, who was a well-educated man and was sure to know of good schools. Mr. Tulliver hoped that after his schooling Tom would enter into some business and set up his office at the nearby town of St. Ogg's, and live at home. "But", continued Mr. Tulliver after a pause, "I'm a bit afraid that Tom hasn't got the right sort of brains for a smart fellow. He's a bit slowish. It seems a pity. Our little lass is twice as clever as he is. Too clever for a woman, I'm afraid."

His wife protested, "But I'm sure the girl's half an idiot in

Water Mills and Windmills

A "mill", basically, is a machine for grinding or crushing between hard, rough surfaces. In western countries in olden days all the 'mills' were flour mills - for making flour, that is, grinding wheat or other grain into the fine powder used for making bread, cakes, etc. These flour mills were either "water-mills" or "windmills". A water-mill is driven by water, that is worked by the action of running water. Such mills were built on the banks of rivers (which didn't dry up in the hot season). The "mill-wheel" or "water-wheel" turned by the stream of water had a shaft going into the mill and connected to a system of gears which made the 'mill-stone' rotate.

some things. Sometimes she will sit down on the floor in the sunshine and plait her hair and sing to herself like a mad creature, and forget whatever I had told her to do."

Did You Know?

John Milton used 8,000 different words in his poem, "Paradise Lost."

As Maggie had brown skin and black hair, her mother thought she was plain. "Nonsense!" said Mr. Tulliver. "She's a fine black-eyed lass. And she can read almost as well as the parson."

"But her hair won't curl, no matter what I do with it." (Maggie's hair was absolutely straight, and she was always tossing her head to keep the dark heavy hair out of her bright black eyes.)

"Cut it off - cut it off short," said her husband.

As Maggie came into the room, Mrs. Tulliver scolded her, "Maggie, where's the use of my telling you to keep away from the water? You'll fall in and be drowned some day, and then you'll be sorry you didn't do as mother told you."

Mrs. Tulliver now asked Maggie to do the patch-work to make a bed-spread for her aunt Mrs. Glegg. "Oh, mother," said that small "mistake of nature", in a cross voice, with a toss of her hair, "I don't want to do any patchwork. It's foolish work - tearing things to pieces to sew them together again. And I don't want to do anything for my aunt Glegg - I don't like her."

Mr. Tulliver laughed aloud. "You encourage her to be naughty," said his wife crossly. "And her aunts say it's I who spoil her."

When Mr. Tulliver asked for Mr. Riley's advice on Tom's education, the latter said, "Well, there's no greater advantage you can give your son than a good education." Mr. Riley knew an Oxford man, one Reverend Stelling, a priest and a scholar, who would be a good master to teach Tom. And he agreed to meet Stelling and make arrangements for Tom to go as his pupil.

Maggie was very glad to hear that Tom was coming home. She rushed out and played with her pet dog Yap. She danced and sang, "Yap! Yap! Tom's coming home."

Mr. Tulliver went in the cab to bring Tom home from the Academy. Tom was a lad with brown hair and fair rosy cheeks. Maggie was very happy when Tom came home. Tom told her that he had brought a new fishing line for her, and they could go fishing the next morning. Maggie threw her arms round his neck and hugged him. However, Tom was very angry when he was told his rabbits were dead. He had entrusted them to Maggie's care but she had forgotten to feed them. Maggie sobbed and begged him to forgive her. But he shook her off and ran into the mill.

Maggie went into the house and sought refuge in the great attic under the roof. It was her favourite place of refuge. There she sobbed aloud and felt miserable. If Tom didn't love her, everything in the world was no use to her, she thought.

When it was time for tea, Tom went into the house,

Did You Know?

The word encyclopaedia comes from two Greek words meaning "a circle of learning." The oldest known encyclopaedia was written in Greece about 2,000 years ago. It's no longer in existence. The oldest encyclopaedia in existence was written in the 1st century by Roman scholar Pliny the Elder. His encyclopaedia, called Natural History has 37 volumes.

The largest ever encyclopaedia is the 17th century Yung Lo Ta Tien encyclopaedia. Written by 2,000 writers. it was bound in 11,100 volumes.

The first volume of Encyclopaedia Britannica was published in 1771.

alone. His father was angry with him guessing that he must have been unkind to Maggie. Mr. Tulliver ordered Tom to go and fetch Maggie. Tom went up the stairs with a piece of cake in his hand. Maggie rushed to him and clung around his neck sobbing. Now Tom was moved and he kissed her and tried to comfort her. They became friends again, shared the piece of cake, and went down to tea.

The next morning Tom and Maggie went fishing. Maggie was very happy because Tom was good to her. They thought they would always live together and be fond of each other.

■ ■ ■

It was Easter week, and the Tullivers were having a family party. Mrs. Tulliver had three sisters, all married: Mrs. Glegg; Mrs. Pullet; and Mrs. Deane. They were certainly a handsome family.

Tom and Maggie did not like Mrs. Glegg as she was always finding fault. She did not have a good word to say about anyone, and her face almost always bore a sour expression.

As Maggie hurried in from the garden to welcome her cousin Lucy, aunt Pullet remarked that Maggie had too much hair and that it should be thinned and cut shorter.

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, "go and get your hair brushed, at once."

Now Maggie made a dreadful decision. Taking Tom with her, she went upstairs, took out a pair of scissors and began to cut off her hair! Tom warned her that she would be punished for it. But she went on cutting and compelled Tom to cut it behind for her.

"Oh my buttons, Maggie,

Did You Know?

Greek philosopher Aristotle wrote Meteorologica in 350 BC - it remained the standard textbook on weather for 2,000 years.

you'll catch it!" exclaimed Tom. "You'd better not cut any more off."

Snip! went the scissors again while Tom was speaking.

Soon Maggie stood, cropped in a jagged uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom. Tom laughed at her, "Oh, my buttons, how queer you look!"

Now as Maggie looked in the mirror, her cheeks turned pale and her lips began to tremble.

Smelling the dinner going on downstairs, Tom went down, but Maggie refused to go with him. Tom came back and gave her a description of the nice things for dinner. Maggie was tempted, and she was very hungry too. But as soon as she entered the dining room, her mother gave a little scream and dropped the large spoon in her hand into the dish. All the aunts and uncles began to criticize her.

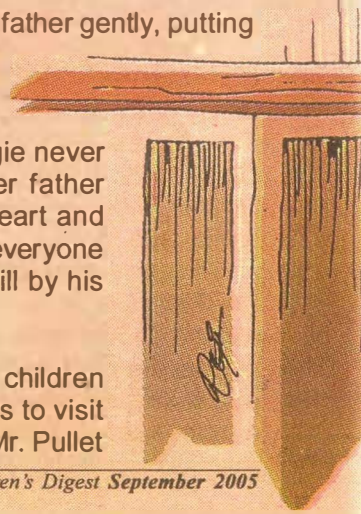
"For shame!" said aunt Glegg. "Little girls who cut their own hair should be whipped and fed on bread and water."

"Ay, ay," said uncle Glegg, meaning to be funny. "She must be sent to jail, I think, and they'll cut the rest of her hair off, there!"

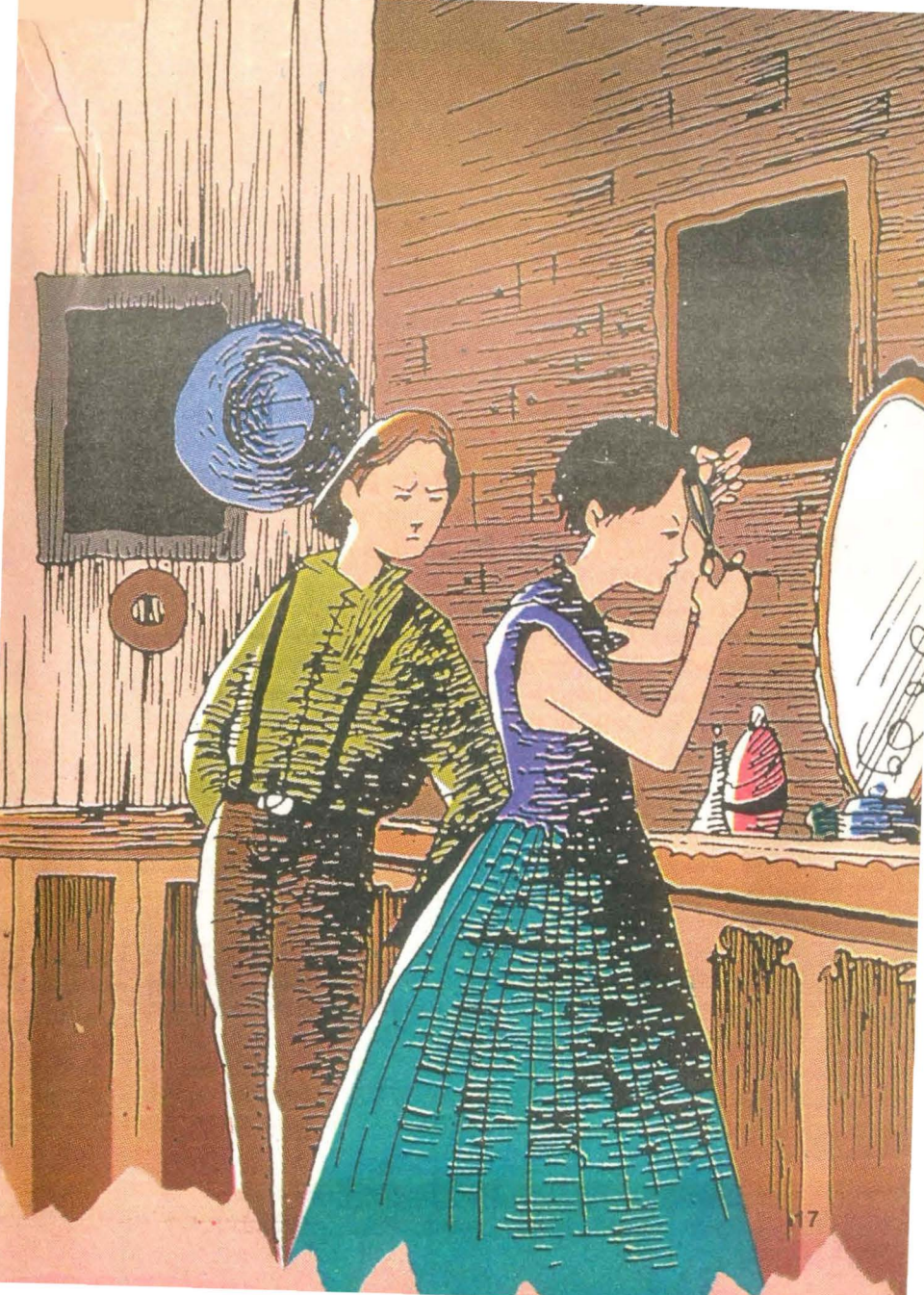
Maggie ran to her father, hid her face in his shoulder and burst out into loud sobbing.

"Come, come, my little lass," said her father gently, putting his arm round her. "Never mind; you were right to cut it off if it bothered you. Stop crying; father'll take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part". She kept them in her heart and thought of them long years after, when everyone else said that her father had done very ill by his children.



The next day Mrs. Tulliver took her children and her sister's child Lucy over the fields to visit the Pullets at their house "Garum Firs". Mr. Pullet



was a prosperous farmer. The children loved visiting the farm where there were all kinds of fowls, hens, pigeons, a peacock and other birds, and cattle, goats, and a dog as large as a lion!

As it was a sunny day, Mrs. Tulliver and aunt Pullet allowed the children to play outdoors. Tom and Maggie had quarrelled earlier in the day, and so Tom now ignored his sister, and took Lucy along with him leaving Maggie behind. Maggie felt hurt and jealous. As they reached the duck-pond, Tom saw a water-snake in the water. He showed it to Lucy and told Maggie to get away. Feeling angry and upset at

Newton's Windmill

The great scientist Isaac Newton lived in the days of water-mills and windmills. He was born on Christmas Day in the year 1642.

In his boyhood Isaac did not appear to be a very bright scholar, but he was very clever in all mechanical occupations. With the aid of a set of tools and saws of various sizes (made by himself) he made many curious articles. When a new type of windmill was set up in his village, Isaac used to spend hours in examining its various parts.

After gaining a thorough knowledge of its construction, Isaac was observed to be unusually busy with his tools. And very soon he constructed a small but perfect model of the mill. Every part of the mill and its machinery was complete. Its little sails made of linen whirled round swiftly when the mill was placed in a draught of air. And a handful of wheat put into the little hopper would soon be converted into white flour!

(The boy who had found out the mechanism of a windmill grew up into the great scientist who explained to his fellowmen the mechanism of the universe!)

Tom's unkindness to her, Maggie pushed little Lucy into the mud on the edge of the pond. Now Tom could not control himself. He gave Maggie two slaps on the arm as he ran to pick up Lucy.

Tom returned to the house leading Lucy who was crying piteously. Mrs. Tulliver was greatly worried, but she feared that Tom too must have been naughty. And she asked Tom to fetch Maggie home. But soon he returned saying that Maggie was not to be seen anywhere. Mrs. Tulliver was still more worried. Tom said Maggie must have gone back home by herself. Now Mrs. Pullet ordered the carriage to be got ready for her sister, (Mrs. Tulliver) Tom and Lucy to return home, hoping that they would be able to overtake Maggie on the way. But they did not know that Maggie had taken quite a different decision and had started off in another direction.

Maggie felt miserable, and decided to run away and go to the gypsies. She thought the gypsies were leading a jolly life and that she too could be happy in their company. And she walked a long way and reached the Common where some gypsies had been camping. The gypsies received her kindly. "My little lady, where are you going?" they asked her.

"I've come to stay with you, please", said Maggie. And as she was hungry, she asked for tea, but they had no tea. She couldn't eat the dry bread and cold meat they offered her.

Maggie saw that the gypsies were neither clean nor neat in appearance. Now her ideas about the gypsies

Did You Know?

The antinovel was invented by the French. Antinovel writers insist that traditional novels sketch a false appearance of the world. Instead of creating fantasy plots and characters, antinovelists emphasize the minute details of life and the world.

changed, and she wished to go back to her own home. A gypsy man offered to take her home. Maggie and the gypsy rode on a donkey. It was a long way to Dorlcote Mill. At last, when they came to a crossroads, Maggie saw her father on horseback, and she called out to him. Mr. Tulliver was surprised but glad to see her. He thanked the gypsy and gave him five shillings. Maggie told her father that she had run away as Tom had been so angry with her. Mr. Tulliver comforted her and said, "You mustn't think of running away from father. What would I do without my little lass?"

Back home, Mr. Tulliver scolded Tom for being unkind to Maggie. And for the next few weeks Tom was specially kind to her. Now Maggie was full of grief at the thought of Tom's going away from her to school once more.

■

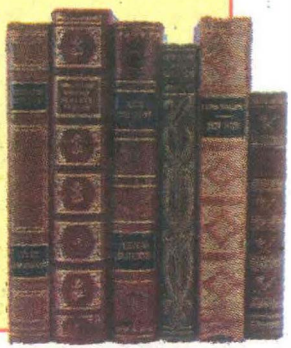
Tom Tulliver was not happy during his first term at King's Lorton, under the care of the Rev. Walter Stelling, who was a strict school master. Tom had no friends there, and he was not very clever at his lessons either. After a few months of dull and hard life there, Tom was very glad when his father brought Maggie to stay there for a fortnight (as Mrs. Stelling had suggested).

■

At last Tom's dreary half

Did You Know?

Iceland publishes more books per capita than any other country in the world, but Britain publishes the most titles in total-about 100,000 per year. Per person, the Norwegians spend more than any other nation on books. About 60,000 book titles are published annually in the US. Amazon.com is the world's biggest book store, holding some 2.5 million titles.



year at Mr. Stelling's came to an end. And he was very happy to reach home for Christmas. However, his father Mr. Tulliver was worried because a rich man by name Mr. Pivart had bought some land on the bank of the river above the Mill. And he was planning to make dykes to irrigate his land. The miller thought it would do harm to his mill by cutting off the water. He wanted to go to the law. Lawyer Wakem (whom Mr. Tulliver hated) was supporting Mr. Pivart. Mr. Tulliver talked of nothing but law and irrigation and dykes, and he was always angry.

Tom told his father that lawyer Wakem's son Philip was coming to study with him. Tulliver said the boy was a cripple (a hunchback) and very different from his father.

On Tom's return to school he found that Philip was already there. Philip was clever at his studies, and he could draw pictures too. The two boys got on fairly well on the whole. Philip helped Tom with his studies, and there was visible improvement in Tom's lessons this time.

After a few weeks Maggie came to see him, just before going to a boarding school with Lucy. Maggie liked Philip and she had great sympathy for the cripple. Philip thought Maggie was a nice girl, and they became good friends.

Tom continued his studies at the Rev. Stelling's till he was fifteen. Maggie too was growing up rapidly at the boarding school with her cousin Lucy as her companion. All this while their father (Mr. Tulliver) was engaged in the long law suit against Mr. Pivart, and his anger towards Pivart's agent

Did You Know?

The author who wrote the most novels ever is a woman. Barbara Cartland wrote 723 novels, which sold more than 1 billion copies in 36 languages, making her the best-selling novelist of all time.

Did You Know?

In the Middle Ages there were many novels about kings and heroic knights but in the late 1500s the anti-romance movement took roots and villains became the main characters. The first such novel was "Life of Lazarillo de Tormes", written in 1554 by an unknown author. It is the story of a poor boy who makes his way in the world by tricking his employers.

Wakem knew no bounds.

Tom was a tall, good-looking youth now, polite and well-mannered. Philip had already left school. Tom had not heard from his parents for quite some time. Then suddenly one morning Maggie came to meet him. She told him their father had lost the case. It meant not only loss of money, but also their mill and house. Their father had fallen from his horse, and he seemed to have lost his senses. Maggie had come to take Tom home.

Tom's kind teacher, the Rev. Stelling blessed him: "God bless you, my boy; let me know how you get on."

Tom and Maggie realized that the golden days of their childhood had come to an end, and they entered the dark days of sorrow.

On their way home, Maggie told Tom that Lawyer Wakem had bought a mortgage on their land. Tom replied that Wakem had always been trying to ruin their father, and he would take revenge upon him when he grew up. He asked Maggie not to talk to Philip any more. She was sad but could not oppose her brother.

Mrs. Tulliver received Tom with tears. Tom said he would get a job soon and make money. He was deeply distressed at the sight of his unconscious father.

The next morning Tom went to the town of St. Ogg's to see his uncle Deane and to ask his advice in getting some employment. His uncle was in "Guest and Company", where he had risen from a

humble position to that of a partner. Tom told his uncle that he wanted to get a job in order to provide for his parents and sister. To begin with, Uncle Deane asked Tom to work in the Company's warehouse, learn Bookkeeping and Accounts in his spare time, and take up a better job later.

The sale of the household furniture took place on a dark December day. It was indeed a painful sight to see all their things being carried away by strangers. Mr. Tulliver did not realize what was going on downstairs.

By the middle of January Dorlcote Mill was sold in auction, and lawyer Wakem bought it. Mr. Tulliver was not aware of the transaction, although he showed good signs of improvement. By the end of January, Mr. Tulliver was far better. He lamented that he had become a bankrupt. Tom assured him that he would make money and buy everything back soon.

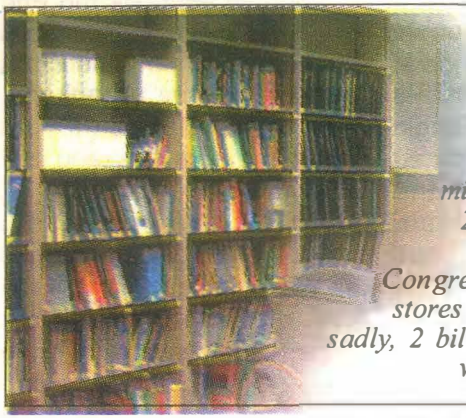
Mrs. Tulliver lamented, "Now the mill and the land is all Wakem's, and what is the use of setting your face against him? He has said you can stay here and manage the business, and have thirty shillings a week, and a horse to ride to market."

Tom came to his father's defence. He said he was earning a pound a week and would earn more soon. Tulliver said he would work under Wakem but he would never forgive him. "He has been at the bottom of everything."

Tulliver asked his son to write

Did You Know?

In the year 1007 a Japanese noble woman, Murasaki Shikibu, wrote the world's first full novel. Called "The story of Genji," it tells the story of a prince looking for love and wisdom.



Did You Know?

The world's libraries store more than a 100 million original volumes, 24 million of which are in the US Library of Congress. Amazon.com alone stores 2.5 million books. Yet, sadly, 2 billion people around the world still cannot read.

something in the family Bible:

"Write that your father Edward Tulliver, took service under John Wakem, the man who helped to ruin him, because he had promised his wife, and because he wanted to die in the old home. And then write that I don't forgive Wakem. I will serve him honestly, but I wish evil may come to him."

There was a dead silence as Tom's pen moved across the paper. Mrs. Tulliver looked frightened, and Maggie trembled like a leaf. They felt it was wicked to curse like that, particularly on the Holy Bible. Tulliver again asked Tom to write that he would remember what Wakem had done to his father, and he would make Wakem suffer for it some day. At this Maggie cried out, "Oh, no, father, dear father! You shouldn't make Tom write that."

"Be quiet, Maggie!" said Tom. "I shall write it". And he did.

The Novel

The novel has always had the reputation of being light entertainment, almost bordering on the frivolous. Part of the blame for this reputation can be placed on the word novel itself. The word originally derived from the Latin 'novus', meaning "new." It came to

After his school, Philip had gone abroad but there was not much change in him. Maggie wished to meet him alone to thank him for his kindness to Tom. It happened as she wished.

There was a beautiful place, a shallow valley, not far from her home, where she used to walk sometimes. The place was called the "Red Deeps." One day she was surprised to meet Philip there. He said he had come to meet her. He took out a portrait of Maggie which he had sketched at Rev. Stelling's after his first meeting with her. He said she had become much more beautiful than before. Maggie wished she could be friends with him but then her father and brother were very different from what they had been before. Philip said he was denied many things in life because he was a cripple. All the same, he would be happy if she would let him see her sometimes. Maggie agreed to meet him at the same place once or twice in a month.

One day a friend of Tom's by name Bob Jakin suggested that Tom could join in the export business and make good profit. Tom agreed. Uncle Glegg lent Tom fifty pounds to put in the overseas business. Within a year Tom was able to make

English by way of the Italian word for short story, 'novella'. A novella was a short work of prose fiction that told a new, original story, in contrast to retelling a traditional one.

The story in a novella was meant to be a novelty, a new delight for readers. The readers responded, and today there are numerous kinds of novels: romance, spy, Westerns, mystery, detective, gothic fiction, science fiction, historical novels, novels of place, the psychological novel, epistolary novels (in which the story is told through an exchange of letters), the roman à clef (which requires a "key," or supplementary information), the cult novel, the proletarian novel, and the modern antinovel.

Did You Know?

"The Mouse Trap," by Agatha Christie is the longest running play in history.

one hundred and fifty pounds from the business, and was planning to pay off all his father's debts.

Maggie and Philip used to meet at the Red Deeps. They were quite happy in their love for each other. But, as misfortune would have it, Tom got wind of their meetings. One day he went with Maggie to meet Philip. He was angry with Maggie for having cultivated a friendship with the son of their father's bitterest enemy. On meeting Philip, Tom gave vent to his bitterness. For her father's sake Maggie had to give her word that she would not see Philip again. Philip replied that he would never change, but he would never cause her any trouble. Thus ended their meeting, with bitter tears and deep sorrow.

Three weeks later, Tom came home early one evening. He asked his father to count the money they had so far put away in a tin box. It came to a hundred and ninety-three pounds. Tom said he had by then put more than three hundred pounds in the bank. Now the whole family felt great happiness as they could settle all their debts. Mr.. Tulliver said trembling, "Shake hands with me, my lad. It's a great thing when a man can be proud that he's got a good son. At least I've had that luck!"

The next day Mr. Tulliver paid off all his debts. Now he was once again an honourable man. Coming back home on horseback, he met Wakem on the way. An encounter took place. Mr. Tulliver angrily raised his riding whip. Wakem's horse suddenly turned and threw his rider to the ground. Tulliver flogged Wakem with his whip. Wakem shouted for help. Maggie came running to the spot and led her father home. But he began to shake

and shiver. He was giddy and said he was ill. He suffered a 'stroke'. And before they could call the doctor in, Mr. Tulliver was dead. The orphaned children Tom and Maggie clung to each other and wept together.

Maggie's pretty cousin Lucy Deane was in love with a handsome young man by name Stephen Guest, the sole heir of "Guest and Company." Lucy's mother was dead, and the widowed Mrs. Tulliver was helping Lucy in the management of her house. Philip Wakem was Stephen's friend, and Philip used to visit Lucy in Stephen's company.

After her father's death Maggie had been teaching in a school. Now she came to stay with Lucy for two months, to spend her vacation. Stephen was surprised to see the tall, dark-eyed girl with jet-black hair. As he rode home that evening it was of Maggie Tulliver he thought, not of Lucy Deane.

Tom had taken lodgings with his friend Bob since his mother had gone to stay with Lucy after the death of her mother. When Lucy said they should invite Philip, Maggie went to see Tom. He did not like her to love Philip, but he allowed her to meet Philip as a friend in Lucy's house.

But Philip had gone away somewhere before he knew of Maggie's arrival. Although Stephen showed great affection to Lucy, in his mind there was developing a strange love towards Maggie. But Maggie would not allow herself to fall to any temptation that would make her think of Stephen as a possible lover.

When Philip returned, he was happy to meet Maggie in Lucy's house. Philip and Stephen sang a duet, and the women listened.

As days went by, Stephen and Maggie felt an increasing

Riddles

What five letter word would be pronounced the same if its last four letters were removed?

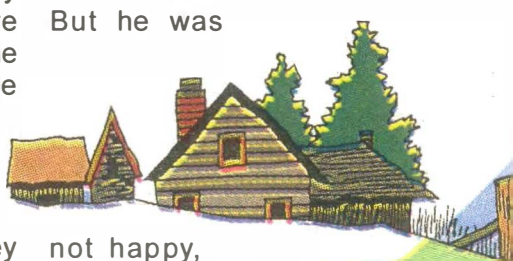
(See page 97)

attraction towards each other. But Maggie did not want to love Stephen and become faithless to Philip and Lucy. The only means was escape, and she decided to take up a job as governess. First she went to her father's sister, aunt Gritty Moss. Stephen called at the house, met Maggie and declared his love for her. However, Maggie would not seek her own happiness by sacrificing others.

A week later Maggie went to stay with Lucy until she left to take up her new job. One day Lucy suggested that they should go boating before Maggie left. As Philip became ill, and Lucy had to change her plan, Maggie and Stephen were left for the boating. And they went too far down the river. It was too late to return. They saw a small ship coming and they hailed it, and got into it. They got a place on the deck.

Maggie fell asleep under the stars, lulled by the soft river noises around her. The next morning she woke up with the dreadful realization of what had happened. She gathered courage and took a final decision. She told Stephen that they must part. He insisted that they should get married, but she was determined to return home. When they landed at the nearest port, Maggie got into a stagecoach. It carried her to York where she stayed the night in an inn, lost between tears and sleep.

On the fourth day of Maggie's departure, Tom stood in front of Dorlcote Mill. He was master there now. He had bought back the house from Wakem. But he was not happy, for no news of his sister had been heard. His friend Bob Jakin had seen her in the company of Stephen Guest. It was a horrible disgrace and a big disappointment.

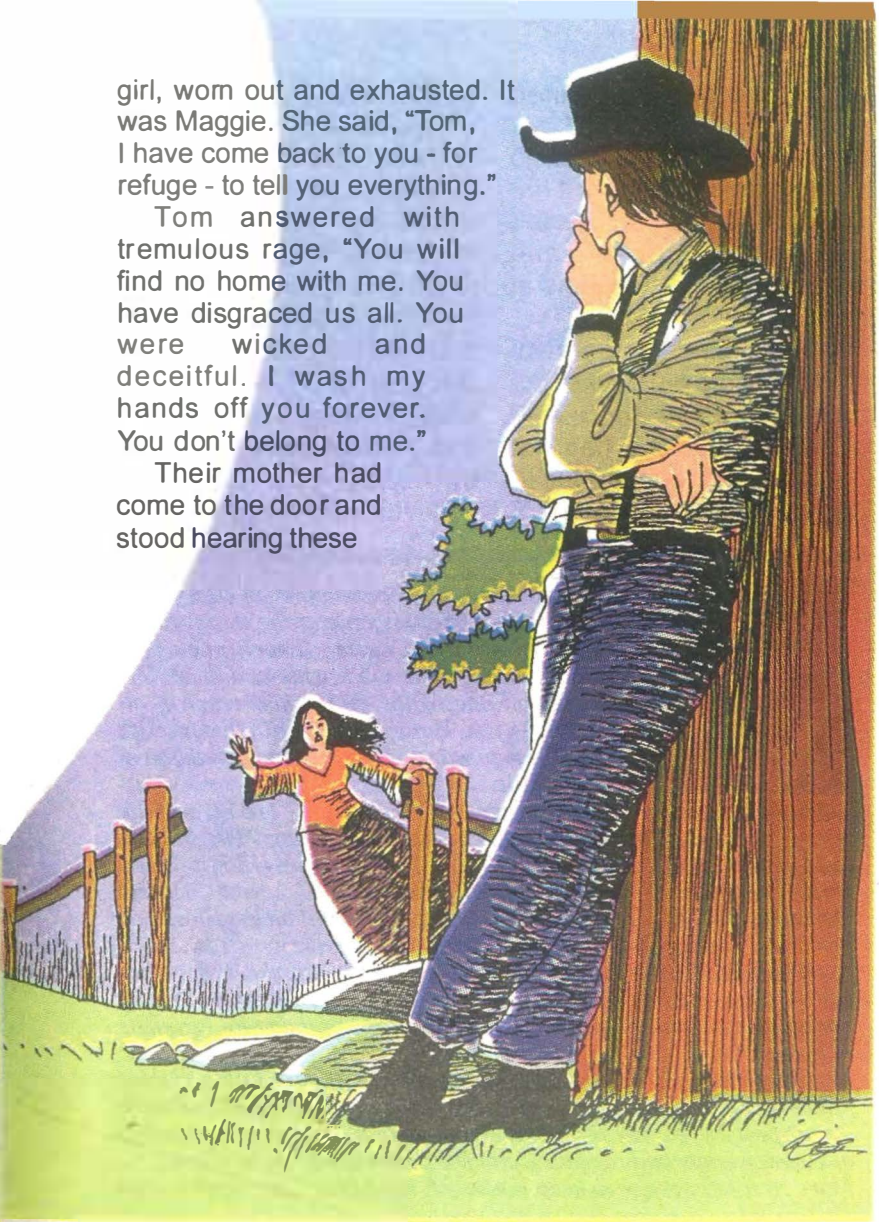


As Tom stood there sadly, the gate was opened by a tall

girl, worn out and exhausted. It was Maggie. She said, "Tom, I have come back to you - for refuge - to tell you everything."

Tom answered with tremulous rage, "You will find no home with me. You have disgraced us all. You were wicked and deceitful. I wash my hands off you forever. You don't belong to me."

Their mother had come to the door and stood hearing these



words. As Maggie turned away, her mother held her and said she would also go with her, as she thought it her duty to help her distressed daughter. Mother and daughter took up lodgings at Bob Jakin's.

News of Maggie's arrival soon spread everywhere, but it took some time for people to believe that she had not eloped with Stephen Guest. Maggie found work as a governess, and she persuaded her mother to go and stay with Tom.

Philip wrote to her declaring his lasting friendship, "Maggie, I believe in you. I know you never meant to deceive me. I know you tried to keep faith to me." Soon after, Lucy visited Maggie. Maggie told her that she had never thought of betraying her. Lucy too believed her. Maggie added

The Author

George Eliot- the 'pen-name' of Mary Ann Evans (1819 - 1880)- is among the most widely read novelists in English literature. Her understanding of life is both wide and deep. She is considered one of the most intellectual of all English novelists. Her sympathy with the average men and women was passionate, and her vision of life was whole.

Her first novel "Adam Bede" (1859) was an instant success. It was followed by "The Mill on the Floss" (1860), "Silas Marner" (1861), "Romola" (1863), "Felix Holt, The Radical" (1866), "Middlemarch" (1872), and "Daniel Deronda" (1876). Many critics consider "The Mill on the Floss" as her finest novel. All critics agree that it is a classic.

When Mary Ann Evans began to write fiction, she signed her work "George Eliot." Under that name she wrote her way to fame, not only as a great English novelist but as one of the great novelists of the world.

Mary Ann (or Marian) was born in Warwickshire, England. Her father was manager of the large estate of Arbury Hall. She lived there for the first 21 years of her life. It was there that she gained knowledge of country ways and people. Upon the death of her mother in 1836, Mary Ann left school to keep house for her father. During this time

that Stephen would return to her, and be faithful to her. They parted with a last embrace.

It was a midnight in the second week of September. Maggie was sitting alone in her room. For two weeks the rain had been pouring down incessantly. The old people talked about a flood that had destroyed the whole place some time past. The river was overflowing. Maggie felt a sudden coldness on her feet. It was river water. The flood had risen, and Maggie knew the danger. She went upstairs and called Bob. He came out and saw the rising waters. There were two boats that he owned. They were tied to trees in the yard. They soon got into these boats. The river had risen so suddenly that the boats got separated by the current. Maggie's boat

she studied German, Italian, and music. In 1841 her father moved to the town of Coventry, and it was there that Mary Ann made several interesting friends among literary men and women. From them she gained new ideas and freedom of thought.

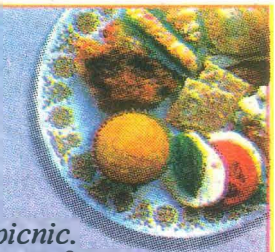
George Eliot's first published work was a translation of Strauss's Life of Jesus, which appeared in 1846. When her father died, she travelled for a time, and then became assistant editor of the Westminster Review. Through her association with the Review and because of her fine intellect and alert interest in new ideas, she met and became friendly with many of the prominent literary people of the day. Thomas Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, and George Henry Lewes were included in the group. George Eliot and Lewes were life-long companions, and his encouragement and appreciation of her talent helped her develop her gifts.

In 1857 and 1858 George Eliot published her first stories, Scenes from Clerical Life. The first of her many novels was Adam Bede. The plot of this book was founded on a story told to George Eliot by her aunt. The Mill on the Floss, another novel, gives a fine picture of English country society of the middle class. Romola is an historical novel of 15th century Italy. Silas Marner, one of her best known books, is the story of a man who loses his gold, and finds a little girl.

All of George Eliot's work shows a powerful, stern moral sense, and a belief in the power of character to control fate.

Word of the Month

Meal



Different meals are

breakfast dinner high tea
lunch supper tea

A small meal is a *snack.*
A meal you eat out of doors is a *picnic.*
A very splendid meal is a *banquet* or *feast.*
A meal where you help yourself is a *buffet.*
A meal you cook out of doors is a *barbecue.*

drifted away. She thought of her brother and mother, and rowed towards Dorlcote Mill. She took a long time to get there. It was almost morning.

Part of the mill had been washed away by the river, but the house still stood there. Maggie rowed to a window and shouted. Tom answered and came out through a lower window. He said that mother had gone to Garum the day before, and that the miller was drowned perhaps. Tom got into the boat. He took the oars and rowed up the river.

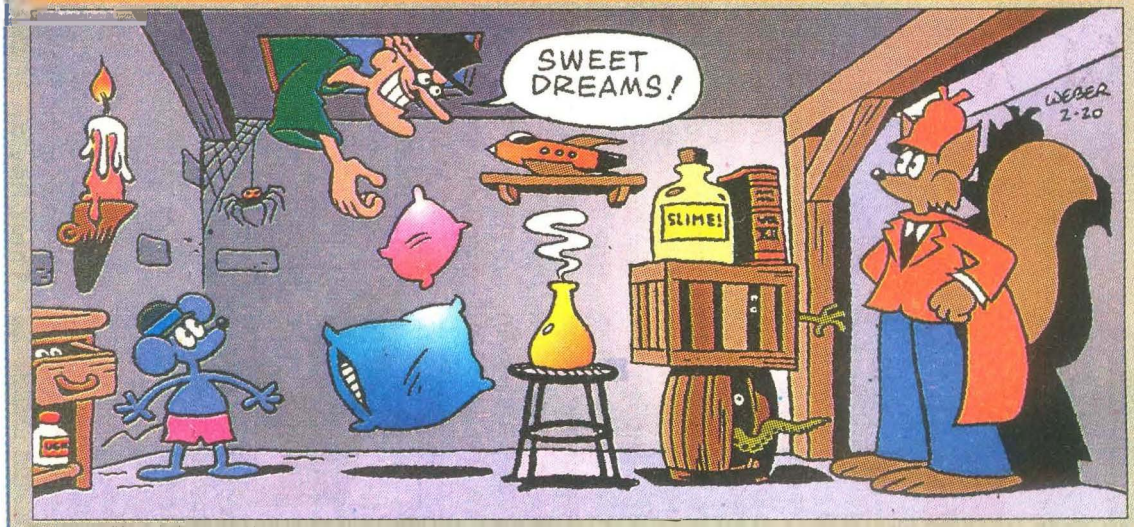
They hoped to reach St. Ogg's before long. But their hope was not fulfilled, for a huge wooden machinery that came down the swift river, struck the boat down. Brother and sister fell into the raging waters and went down, never to be parted. Their bodies were discovered later in close embrace, and buried in the church-yard at Dorlcote. The tomb attracted three regular visitors - Lucy, Stephen and Philip. The first two came together, and the third was always alone. The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and it carried the inscription: *"In their death they were not divided."*

Adapted by
Prof. James Joseph

Did You Know?

The first illustrated book for children was published in Germany in 1658.

Slylock Fox



Count Weirdly sealed Slylock Fox and Max Mouse in a room with a flask of his latest twisted invention. The flask contains a solution that will burst into a super-sleeping-cloud if it remains a liquid for more than sixty minutes. How will Slylock get rid of the solution and avoid a long, long nap?

(See page 97)

- Jee

Snowmobile

The snowmobile is a cross between an automobile and a sleigh. It was invented in 1928 by a fifteen-year-old Canadian boy, called Armand Bombardier. His home was in a tiny town deep in the province of Quebec in Canada, where during winter the snow falls so thick that it covers the roads and even houses up to the level of windows or higher.

Armand loved machinery and was good at finding out how they worked, and fixing and repairing them if they went out of order. One day his father presented him with a car. But being winter and with the snow on roads and everywhere else, travel was unthinkable.

Armand thought how nice it would have been if someone had invented a car that rode over the snow. Suddenly the question came up in his mind; suppose he himself invented it? He meditated over it and a design came up in his mind, which would have appeared crazy to many.

He removed the motor from his car and rigged it to the back of the family sleigh. There lay an old airplane

Did You Know?

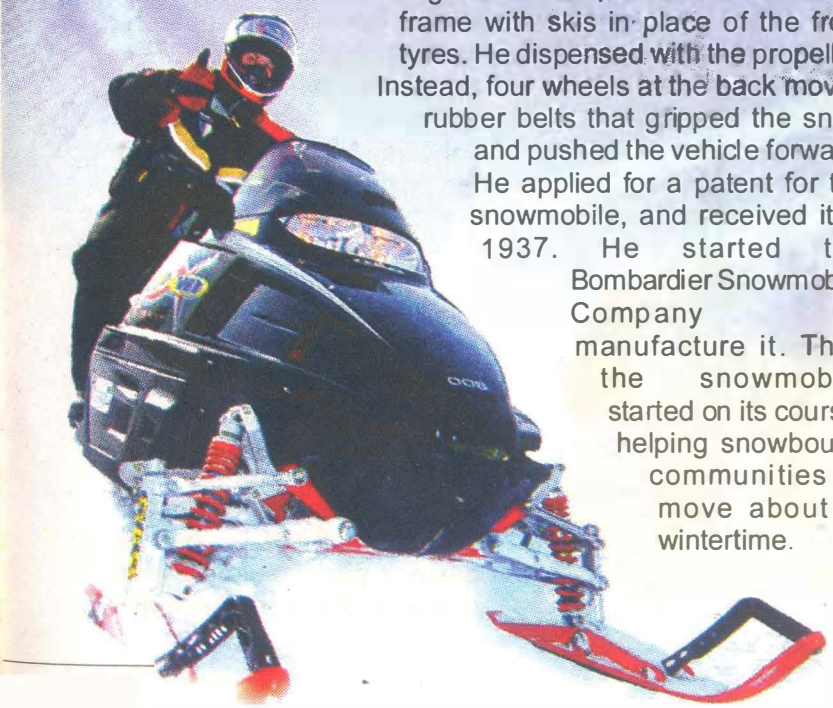
Iguanas are large lizards that live around the Pacific and in the Americas. They are the only vegetarian lizards. Unlike other lizards, they eat fruit, flowers and leaves, rather than insects.

propeller in their tool-shed, which he retrieved and fitted to the sleigh. When he started the motor, the propeller whirled, pushing the sleigh onward. When the propeller worked at top speed, the sleigh literally flew over the snow.

But it was dangerous to drive it on the snow and his father ordered it dismantled. Armand though dejected, didn't give up. He was now obsessed with the idea of making a safe vehicle that could successfully negotiate the snow.

He made more experimental designs, and innumerable trial runs over the following years, to arrive at a safe snowmobile.

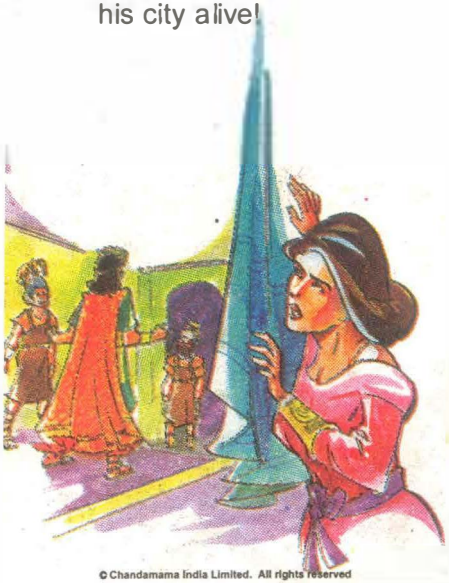
He got it in 1928, when he used a car frame with skis in place of the front tyres. He dispensed with the propeller. Instead, four wheels at the back moved rubber belts that gripped the snow and pushed the vehicle forward. He applied for a patent for the snowmobile, and received it in 1937. He started the Bombardier Snowmobile Company to manufacture it. Thus the snowmobile started on its course, helping snowbound communities to move about in wintertime. ■



Jason and the Golden Fleece - 11

The Argonauts raised a great cheer as they hoisted their victorious leader on to their shoulders. They triumphantly danced their way back to the ship to await the morrow.

But they would not have been so happy if only they could guess what Aetes really had in mind. For, the king had no intention of parting with the Fleece, nor even of letting these audacious men leave his city alive!



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Aeteś had already formulated his plan. The Argonauts should not live to see the next sunrise, he decided. At dead of night, his men would steal out to the *Argo*, burn her down, and massacre her crew. That would end his headache once and for all!

However, Medea, who knew her father's nature too well to believe his apparent geniality, spied on him. Her misgivings were confirmed when she overheard his conversation with his men in the privacy (as he thought) of his chamber.

As the heroes were merrymaking on the *Argo*, their revelry was interrupted by an unexpected caller – Medea. Without giving the flabbergasted Jason time to speak, she burst out, "Jason, I have come to warn you – my father means to destroy your ship and kill you all before dawn! If you want to lay your hands on the Fleece and get out of here alive, there is only

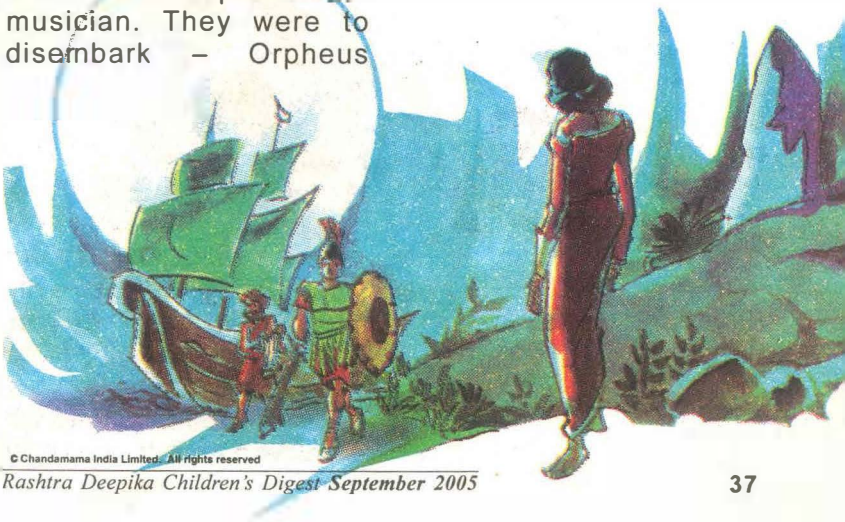
one way out. You must seize the Fleece and flee, right now!"

"But we can do it only with your help, Medea," said Jason. "You're the priestess of the sacred grove. I'm indebted to you for the kindness you have already shown. Now, only show us the way to the Fleece, and I'll take you back with me to Iolcos, where you shall reign as my queen! Will you help us?"

"Yes," whispered Medea, "I will."

She drew up the plan of action. The *Argo* was to sail to a point near the grove. Only two of the heroes were required for the operation – Jason and Orpheus the musician. They were to disembark – Orpheus carrying his magic harp – and go into the wood, where Medea would be waiting for them. Having issued the instructions, Medea departed as unobtrusively as she had come.

Soon afterwards, they set sail and reached a lagoon protected by huge rocks and shallow sand bars. A full moon illuminated the lagoon. Carefully guided by the talking prow, the ship wound its way through the obstacles. "Two degrees to the right there is a boulder on the shallow bottom," the talking oak warned. The helmsman swiftly re-adjusted the course. Finally, they landed and



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Jason and Orpheus disembarked alone. They found Medea waiting for them, carrying a yearling lamb. Swiftly she led the way through the swamp.

"Quicksand," she said, pointing to the deceptive patches on either side that looked like solid ground. As the wetlands ended, thickets began. The air changed now, for, it was warm and smelled sweetly of apple blossoms.

Medea led them to a thicket beside the War-God's gate. "Now, Jason," she said, "you must sacrifice the lamb, and strew upon it these magic herbs and honey." Jason complied.

The sacrifice was to propitiate Brimo the terrible witch-huntress and her hounds, who guarded the gateway to the grove. They were duly appeased; the gates now flew wide open.

Medea and the heroes ran into the grove. Here enormous poison trees grew so tall and thick as to shut out the moonlight. It was dark, with only a thin ray of golden light to illumine their way.

"Do you see that?" asked Medea. "It is the glimmer of the Golden Fleece!"

The light became brighter as they moved ahead. Finally, the trail ended in a blinding flash of light emanating from a large tree. They had reached the Fleece!

About to sprint ahead in great excitement, Jason was stopped by a restraining hand on his arm. "Stop, Jason!" hissed Medea urgently. "Have you forgotten

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the serpent?" As Jason looked closer, he thought he saw the glimmer of a diamond shape reflecting the golden light. Then there was a movement. With bated breath, he watched as a stream of diamonds slid around the tree that held the fleece. The serpent was gigantic. Wound completely around the tree, its tail was on the ground but its head rested on the fleece in the highest branches as if resting upon a pillow. Jason and Medea tiptoed forward.

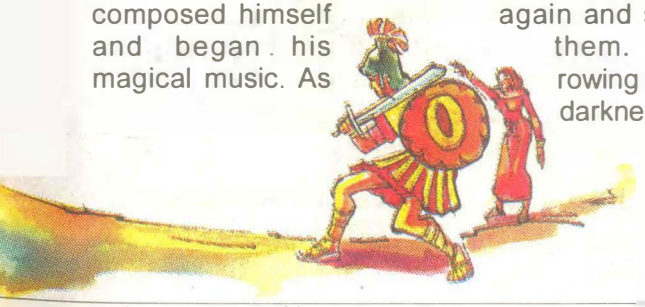
The serpent raised its head and looked steadily at them. The mouth opened wide, exposing two enormous fangs. Its hiss sent chills along Jason's spine.

But Medea, unperturbed, made a sign to Orpheus, asking him to play his harp. The trembling Orpheus composed himself and began his magical music. As he played, he sang a melodious lullaby.

As the notes of divine music rose in the air, the forest grew calm as the very leaves stood still on the trees. Slowly the serpent's head sank down, and its brazen coils grew limp. Its glittering eyes slowly closed in slumber.

Jason leapt forward and tore the fleece off the tree. Then the trio dashed down the grove and back to the *Argo*, where their comrades awaited them.

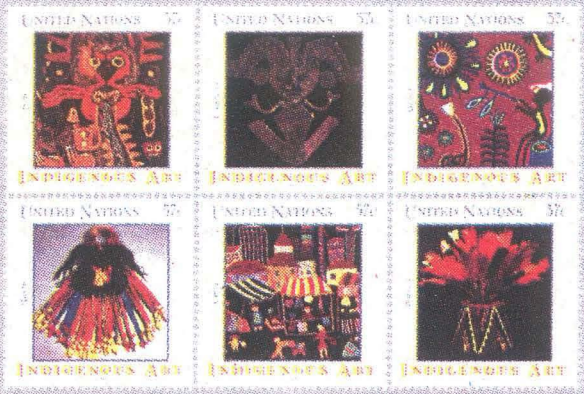
They rowed swiftly and noiselessly, past the marshes, gardens, and castles of the sleeping city, until they reached the surge of the sea. The *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse and raced ahead, until the heroes stopped rowing and leaned on their oars, panting. Then Orpheus took up his harp again and sang to inspire them. They resumed rowing steadily into the darkness of the west.



(To conclude)

- Prof. George John Nidhiry

INDIGENOUS ART



Indigenous people are the true and original natives of the land. They are often also called tribal people or aboriginals. There are about five thousand indigenous groups all over the world. Socially and politically, they have been excluded from decision making processes and even tortured and murdered when they speak out in defence of their rights. In 1982 the United Nations' Commission on Human Rights established a Working Group on Indigenous Populations. This working group prepared a "Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples." The UNO has a very high degree of concern for the Rights of Indigenous Peoples and the preservation of their art forms. In January 2003, UNPA issued three souvenir sheets of six stamps each on the Indigenous Arts of Latin America.

■ CAVE INSCRIPTIONS IN CUBA

A petroglyph is a rock-

carving, especially a pre-historic one. Speleology is the scientific study of caves. In Cuba, there are many rock caves, with pre-historic carvings that attract tourists. Cuba, on the occasion of the 30th anniversary of the Cuban Speleologic Society, issued seven stamps depicting petroglyphs in rock caves of Cuba.

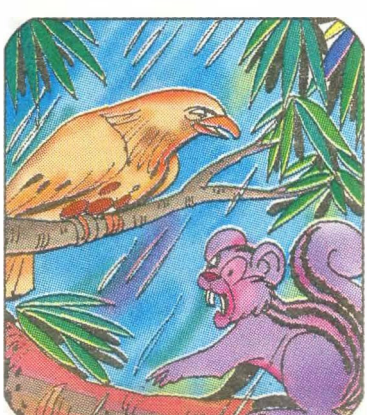
TELEPHONES

In 1874 two American inventors Alexander Graham Bell and Elisha Gray independently devised a system that could transmit speech electrically. Both of them applied for a patent in 1876. Bell's application was allowed and a working telephone system was perfected on March 10, 1876. The first transmission of speech between Bell and his assistant Thomas A. Watson was, "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." Even earlier to this in 1849, an Italian inventor Antonio Mevucci had developed an imperfect system of speech transmission. Since then the system has developed into cordless phones, mobile phones and video phones. The dialing process also changed from the switching system to push-button dialing and rotary dialing. In 1976 many countries issued stamps to commemorate the 100th anniversary of telephones.

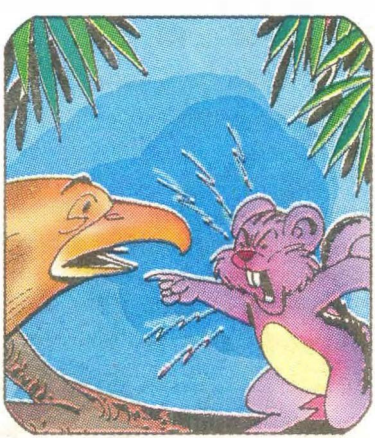
DILLU AND JILLU

DILLU IS A NICE AND KIND EAGLE. ONE DAY WHILE HE WAS FLYING, SUDDENLY IT BEGAN TO RAIN. HE SPOTTED A TEAK TREE.

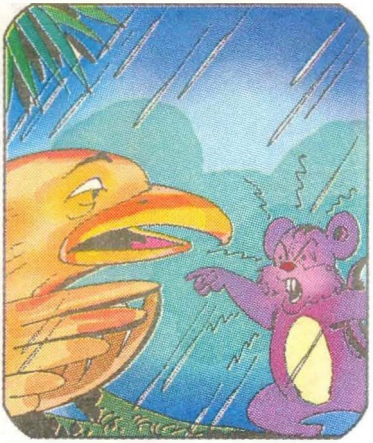
"AH! I WILL TAKE SHELTER ON THAT TREE." HE PERCHED UP ON A BRANCH OF THE TEAK TREE.



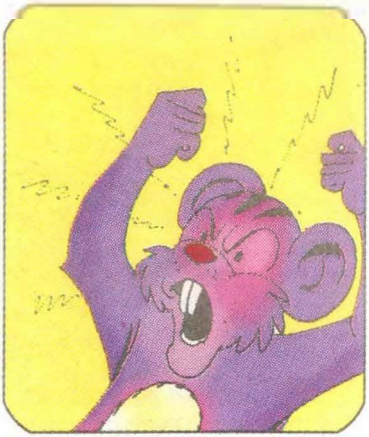
THAT TEAK TREE WAS THE HOME OF JILLU, THE PROUD AND NAUGHTY SQUIRREL. JILLU DID NOT LIKE DILLU PERCHING ON HIS TREE.



"HOW DARE YOU SIT ON MY TREE? GO AWAY." JILLU ANGRILY SHOUTED.

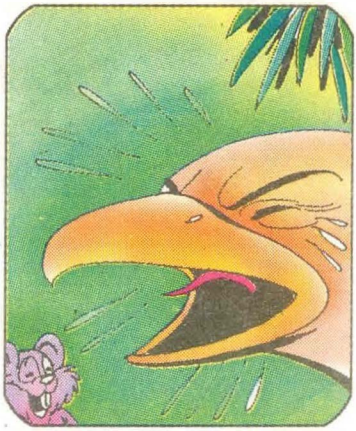


DILLU SAID VERY HUMBLY, "JILLU, I WILL GO WHEN THE RAIN STOPS. PLEASE DON'T BE ANGRY..."

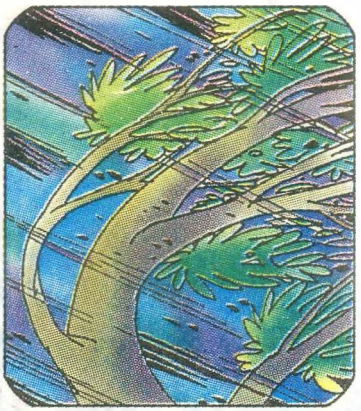


THIS REPLY ANGERED JILLU EVEN MORE. "NO! YOU MUST LEAVE RIGHT NOW," SAID JILLU.

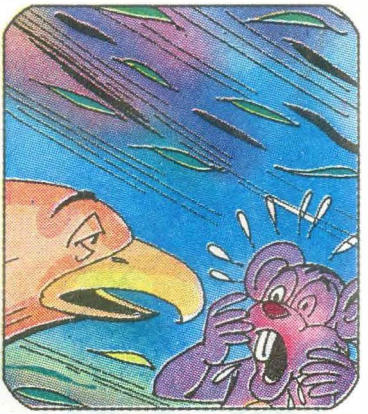
STILL DILLU DID NOT LEAVE. JILLU RAN UP TO HIM AND 'CRUNCH...' BIT HIS LEG! POOR DILLU. "OWW!" HE CRIED.



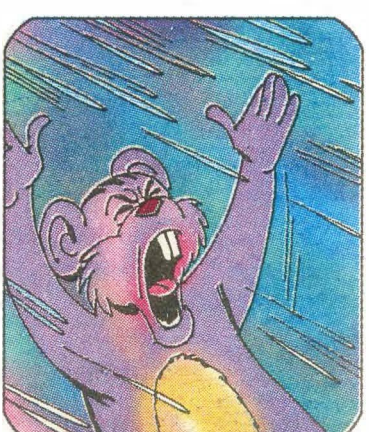
JILLU LAUGHED AT THE SIGHT OF DILLU CRYING. JILLU SAID, "STILL IF YOU WON'T LEAVE I WILL BITE YOU, HIT YOU AND KICK YOU. HA... HA..."



SUDDENLY IT BEGAN TO GET WINDY. IN THE STRONG WIND JILLU'S TREE AND NEST SWAYED.



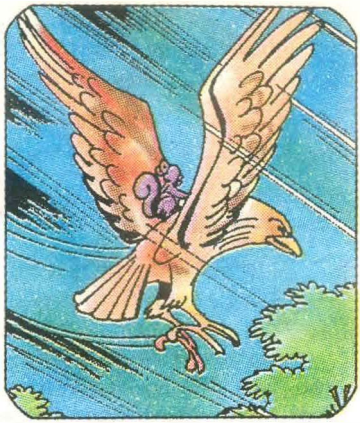
JILLU WAS SCARED. IF THE TREE FALLS HE TOO WILL FALL WITH A 'THUD' AND THAT WILL BE HIS END.



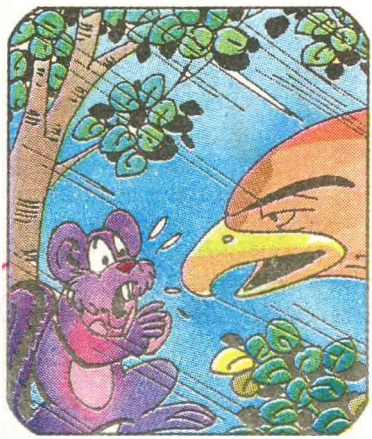
WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES JILLU PRAYED. "GOD! PLEASE SAVE ME..!"

DILLU TOOK PITY ON JILLU WHEN HE SAW JILLU'S FEAR AND TEARS. HE SAID, "JILLU, DON'T CRY. I WILL SAVE YOU."

"HOP ON TO MY BACK. I WILL TAKE YOU AWAY BEFORE THE TREE FALLS DOWN." DILLU'S WORDS GAVE RELIEF TO JILLU.



JILLU HOPPED ONTO DILLU'S BACK. DILLU FLEW OFF AND LANDED ON ANOTHER TREE A LITTLE AWAY.



JILLU FELT GUILTY AS HE HAD BEEN BAD TO DILLU. "YOU SAVED ME EVEN THOUGH I WAS BAD TO YOU. HOW NICE YOU ARE!" SAID JILLU.

"JILLU, IT WAS GOD WHO SAVED US. IT IS HIM WHOM WE MUST THANK," DILLU REPLIED. THEN THEY PRAISED GOD.

MIRACLE OF A SMILE

Every year, on September 5th we pay tribute to our teachers.

Once when Mother Teresa was asked to deliver a Teacher's Day Message, Mother said, 'What message should I give? If the message is too long, the interpretation will not be effective. Hence I would like my message to be simple and practical. 'SMILE' that's my message to all the teachers. For if they smile, children smile; when children smile the whole world smiles'. I cannot remember till date any other anecdote as powerful as this. It speaks volumes of the miracle of a smile.

What is the significance of a smile? Take my word; there is no better healer for diseases afflicting mind, body and soul. 'Smile' reflects inner happiness. It is an effective tool to gauge our happiness quotient. There was a time when we were immediately recruited on the basis of I. Q (intelligence quotient); today E. Q. (emotional quotient) has taken over. Tomorrow H. Q.. (happiness quotient) will be in demand. So the ability to put all our pressures and worries on the backburner and being cheerful has assumed paramount importance.

Every parent today expects their wards to be 'Masters of all trades'. Children, hence practice the uphill task of juggling all the activities with time. Even an error of small measure leads to their nervous breakdown. Each one of us should learn to take failures in our stride and move on. Marks and ranks can take us to places, but it is our character that will give us respect. 'Life is lived once', 'Life is like an ice cream, enjoy it before it melts' these are principles that great men have gracefully accepted and put

into practice. There is a vital fact that Lord Krishna effectively conveys through the Gita, and that is:

'Wise men endowed with equanimity, renounce the fruits of actions. An action even without a desire for its fruit will bear fruit. Suppose a farmer sows seed without selfish motive, will he get corn? Yes, he will.'

Gabriel Okara in his widely appreciated poem 'Once upon a time' describes the shifting and changing morals and values of people. He says, there was a time when people used to laugh heartily. Whenever they met one another their joy knew no bounds. Their eyes and hearts reflected sincere laughter. He goes on to say that frankness has gone out of their lives. Now they seem to laugh 'with their teeth'. Their cold eyes tell a different story. There may be times when we run into people, who take us for granted. It is at these times when we should have the courage and sincerity to stand up to our conviction.

Life is all about making memories and hence let those memories be sweet and lovely so that when we look back the world might be smiling confidently at us. It is not important how many times we fall down, what is important is how many times we pick ourself up and carry on.

Hey friends, pardon me if it was a long sermonizing talk. What you need to remember is so very simple - SMILE. It can cure our Sadness, Madness, Illness, and Loneliness. I had a wonderful time writing about SMILE; hope you had a great time reading it too.

- Neethi Jayakrishnan

A to H

A for Apple
B for Bada Apple
C for Chota Apple
D for Daba Hua Apple
E for Ek aur Apple
F for Fata Hua Apple
G for Gala Hua Apple
H for Ho Gaya
Na Pat Gharab.

*- **Riya Singh**, Std V A, St. Mary's Convent High School, 53, Tagore Road, Cantt, Kanpur - 208004.*

Pen Pals

1. Bhargavi Gogoi(11), C/o B. C. Gogoi, Near Namrup College, Namrup, Parbatpur - 786623, Dibrugarh, Assam. H&I: Reading, watching Cartoon Network and playing chess.
2. Fysel A. M.(16), Anthinattu House, Vellayamkudy P.O., Kattappana - 685515. H&I: Pen friendship.
3. Abin Mathew Thomas(12), VII B, Vellakottil House, Gandhinagar P.O., Kottayam - 686008, Kerala. H&I: Drawing, watching TV and playing cricket.
4. Annapoorna V.(14), Gomathy Gardens, C.C.N.B. Road, Near Iron Bridge, Alleppey - 688011, Kerala. H&I: Reading, chatting and friendship.
5. Alokparna De(10), C/o Narayan De, Ramnagar Road - 10, Agartala - 799002, Tripura(W). H&I: Philately and reading.
6. Keerthana J.(13), 'Keerthanam', VNRA-D-283, Valiyavila, Thirumala P. O., Trivandrum - 695006. H&I: Reading, painting and drawing.
7. Johnson Philip, A/27, Sai Shakthi 3rd Floor, Thaur Pada, Thane, Mumbai - 400612. H&I: Singing, collecting stamps and listening to music.
8. Tashi Tobgay(16), XII SCI A, Yangchephug Higher Secondary School, Thimphu, Bhutan. H&I: Reading, friendship and riding bicycle.
9. Naveen S., S/o Srinivas, # 6, R.M.V. IInd Stage, L.G. Halli, Bangalore - 560094. H&I: Watching T.V., playing football and listening to music.
10. Roshan Roy P. & Reshma Roy P., Pereppaden House, Veliyanoor, Thrissur, Kerala. H&I: Reading, listening to music and playing chess.
11. J. Monisha(12), D/o P. Francis Regis, 133, IInd Main Road, Sivaprakash Nagar, Puzthivakkam, Chennai - 91.
12. Akshat Sinha(12), Raj Tower, 2 A, Near Over Bridge, 4th Street, Ananthpur, Ranchi, Jharkhand. H&I: Skating and playing computer games.
13. Divya Pahwa(14), RU-320, Pitampura, Delhi - 110088. H&I: Playing computer games, listening to music and chatting.

Welcome to Pen Pals CLUB

Send us particulars regarding your name and address, age, the standard you study, your hobbies and interests, to the following address

Co-ordinator,
Pen Pals Club,
Children's Digest,
P. B. No. 7,
Kottayam-686001,
Kerala, India.

14. Anas A.(18), Sharmiya Mahal, Ezhome, Kannur - 670334, Kerala. H&I: Reading, sight-seeing and gardening.
15. Reena Pradhan(13), B. D. Road, Opp. Bunty Restaurant, Near Old Fire Station, Kurseong, Darjeeling, West Bengal. H&I: Playing basket ball, reading and painting.
16. Arun Moras(11), Room No. 9, Mohan Kini Comp., Suhasini Powaskar Road, Ghartanpada No. 1, Dahisar (E), Mumbai - 400068. H&I: Playing cricket, listening to music and reading.
17. Mahima Kudva(12), Salawala, 214, Ashok Vihar, Rajpur Road, Dehradun - 248001, Uttaranchal. H&I: Drawing and watching T.V.
18. Nidiy Biju(14), Chala House, Thellakom P.O., Kottayam - 686016, Kerala. H&I: Reading, cycling and collecting stamps.
19. Raniya Raveendran K, Std IX B, J.N.V. Kannur, Kuthuparampa - 670692, Kerala. H&I: Drawing, singing and reading.
20. Anup Bharadwaj(14), S/o H. M. Ravindra Kumar, B-18, No. 20, BEML Layout, Srirampura IInd Stage, Mysore - 570023, Karnataka. H&I: Reading, playing video games and writing letters.
21. Aksa Susan Koshy(14), TC 3/2722, PKRA 82, Thazhethil, Nr. Marappalam Jn.., Pattom, Trivandrum - 4. H&I: Reading, dancing and listening to music.
22. V. Vidya Vardhni(14), D/o S. Varatharaj, "Lakshmi Illam", P.No.86, Aruna Avenue, Sakthi Nagar Extn., Karumandapam, Trichy - 620001. H&I: Gardening, playing chess and art and crafts.
23. Md. Fahad Iqbal Siddiqui(14), C/o Jamal Uddin Siddiqui, Chatampa, Bhadrak, Orissa - 756101. H&I: Playing football and friendship.
24. Noel Benno Joseph(13), D-3 Malankara Qtrs., Muttambalam P.O., Kanjikuzhy, Kottayam, Kerala. H&I: Computer games, collecting coins and playing chess.
25. Tharun Thomas, Theccanatt House, Konganoor P. O., Kottayam, Kerala. H&I: Playing basket ball, dancing and watching movies.
26. Emmanuel M.(17), SOS Youth House, Edathala North P.O., Aluva - 683564, Kerala. H&I: Playing cricket, watching movies and listening to music.
27. Nadeem Ismail(14), C/o Waheda Ismail, E.S.I. Quarters, Aluva, Kerala. H&I: Listening to music, reading and playing cricket.
28. Prerna Kapoor(12), GH-14, Paschim Vihar, New Delhi - 110057. H&I: Painting, playing and listening to music.
29. Sarthak Karol(11), C-164, Manu Apartments, Mayur Vihar Phase-1, Delhi - 110091. H&I: Playing golf and watching TV.

YOUNG ARTISTS

S. Kishan, III C, New Era S.S. School, Vadodara.

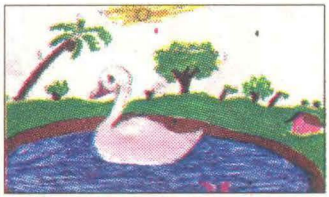
Suji Vijayan, VI D, St. Philomena's GHS, Poothura.

R.S. Aditya, IX C, Ram Niranjan Podar School, Mumbai.

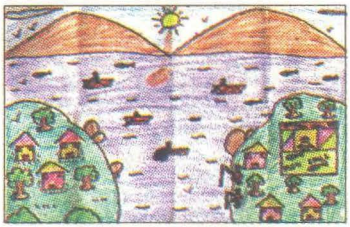
G. Athira Krishna, VIII B, Railway Mixed High School, Erode-638002.

Ankita Bhat, BPM High School, 16th Road, Khar (W), Mumbai-400052.

Mehar Verma, IV A, DEI PV Primary School, Dayalbagh, Agra.



Vignesh K.S., VI C, Amrita Vidyalayam, Calicut.



S. Vismitha, VII B, Stella Maris, Bangalore-560003.

M. Nishitha Mike, VIII A, Christuraja Matric. Hr. Sec. School, Marthandam.

Lydia Lazar, IX C, Kendriya Vidyalaya, Thrissur.

Ashwini Ravindran, V A, Kendriya Vidyalaya, Edat, Payyannur.

Divya S. Narayan, VII E, Nirmala Rani English High School, Malleswaram, 8th Cross, Bangalore.

Rambo Habung, IV, VKV, Itanagar, Arunachal Pradesh.

Archa S. Vasanthan, IV, Cherupuzha Bethany Senior Secondary School, Chunakkara, Alappuzha.

Merin Mariam Roy, VI E, St. Thomas Residential School, Thiruvananthapuram-44.

Deepak Kumar Nayak, IV, Dr. Antonio Da Silva High School, Dadar, Mumbai-400028.

J. Joel Titus, VI B, Carmel Matric Higher Secondary School, Kollampalayam, Erode-638002.

Anu Liza Thomas, VIII D, Kristu Jyothi Higher Secondary School, Kurisumoodu P.O., Changanachery.

Arjun Raj, IX H, St. Mary's Higher Secondary School, Marykulam, Idukki.

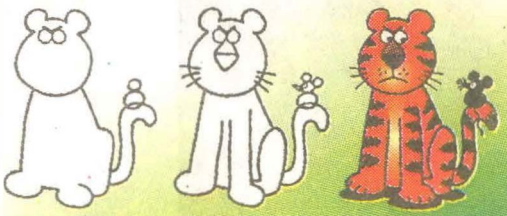
Esha Agrawal, VI B, St. Basil's School, Basti, UP.

Nimisha Bharadwaj, IV B, St. Stephen's High School, Tinsukia, Assam.

V. Sakthi Sanghvi, VII F, R.S.K. Higher Sec. School, Kailasapuram, BHEL Township, Trichy-620014.

Jewel Christy Johnson, V, Carmel International School, Punnapra, Alappuzha.

How to Draw a tiger

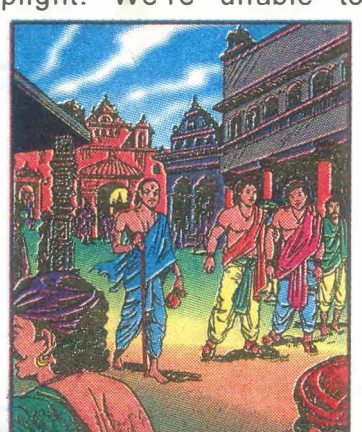


The Friend who Remembered - II

It was a bitterly cold night. Sudama's children had cried themselves to sleep on an empty stomach. The sight of the children, huddled together under a single tattered blanket, seemed to reproach Susheela.

She walked up to her husband and in a firm tone, said, "You have often told me about your friendship with Krishna. Your boyhood friend is the king of Dwaraka today."

After a significant pause, she went on, "Look at our plight! We're unable to provide our children with the basic necessities of life. But if Krishna so wills, our condition can change for the better. Why don't you go and meet him?"



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Sudama gasped. "Meet Krishna? That would be so wonderful...to see him again after so many years! But – but..."

The excitement faded out of his eyes as he looked at his wife's pleading face. "No, Susheela. I can't ask Krishna, my dearest friend, for money. I love Krishna for himself, not for his wealth."

"I know that, and I'm sure he also does," said Susheela gently. "But wouldn't you like to go and see your old friend?" Her eyes looked up beseechingly at him.

Sudama could now find no reason to say 'no'. And he could not deny that the very thought of seeing his beloved Krishna again was enough to send a thrill coursing through his entire body!

"Very well, Susheela," he replied, in a voice quivering with emotion. "I shall go." As he spoke the words, he felt deliriously happy.

Susheela, no less happy at the change in her husband's mood, now began thinking of the actual journey. "Of course, Dwaraka is so far away..." she began.

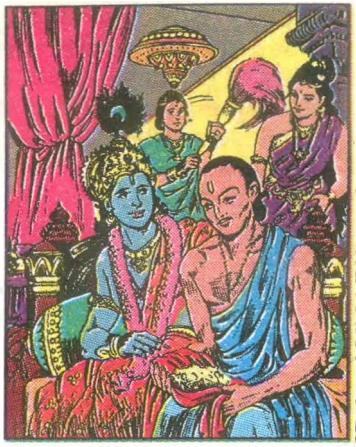
"So what? I shall go on foot. It won't be tiresome – on the contrary, the prospect of seeing Krishna will make it a pleasure!" Sudama assured her.

It was decided that Sudama should leave the very next day.

Came the next morning, and a disquieting thought jolted Sudama. How could he go empty-handed to meet his dear friend? Shouldn't he take some gift?

But what could he take? Once again, Sudama's heart sank as the benumbing recollection of his utter poverty came to him. What gift could someone, who could not feed his own family, offer a king? He timidly approached Susheela with the question.

"A gift?" Susheela turned



pale, but only for a moment. Then she brightened up. "I know! Remember, you used to tell me how Krishna loved puffed rice? I'll get you some. I'm sure he'll be pleased!"

There was no puffed rice in the house; indeed, there was no food of any kind in that starving household. But Susheela darted out to the neighbours' houses, explained the situation, and borrowed one handful each from each of them. Having collected four handfuls of puffed rice, she tied it up in a piece of cloth and handed it triumphantly to Sudama.

Sudama set out on his journey to Dwaraka. The way was long and

arduous, but he hardly realised it, lost as he was thinking of Krishna. Even the pangs of hunger and thirst did not strike him. Walking thus in a dream-like state of ecstasy, he lost count of time. All too soon, the gates of Dwaraka loomed large before him.

When the doorkeeper stopped him, Sudama timidly gave his name and requested permission for an audience with the king.

The agonising wait lasted only for a few moments. Looking up, Sudama was delighted to see Krishna running towards him.

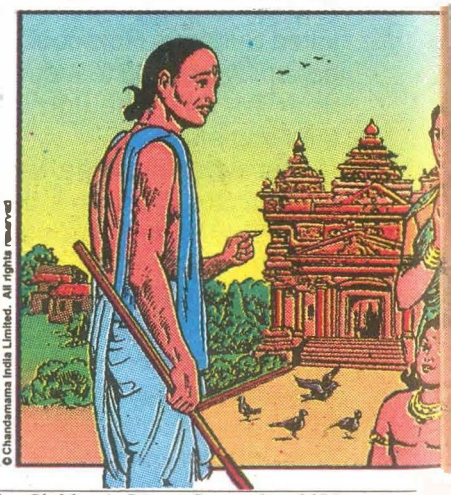
"Sudama! We're meeting after so long!" said Krishna in a joyous voice as he embraced him. He then escorted Sudama into his private chamber where he introduced him to his queen, Rukmini, as his dear childhood friend.

The warmth of the hospitality Krishna and Rukmini showed him took Sudama aback. Rukmini poured out water as Krishna himself washed Sudama's feet. Then they served him delicious food, and fanned him as he ate. The onlookers stared in surprise at the fuss the royal couple was making over a ragged and emaciated-looking stranger.

Later, as they sat reminiscing over their childhood days, Sudama's eyes took in the grandeur of Krishna's palace. Suddenly he remembered the puffed rice he had brought, but shrank back. How could he possibly offer such a humble gift to a king like Krishna?

But the issue was abruptly taken out of his hands as Krishna asked, "What's that little bundle you have at your waist, Sudama? A gift for me?" He almost snatched the bundle from Sudama's trembling fingers and eagerly opened it.

"Puffed rice – my favourite! Sudama, you've



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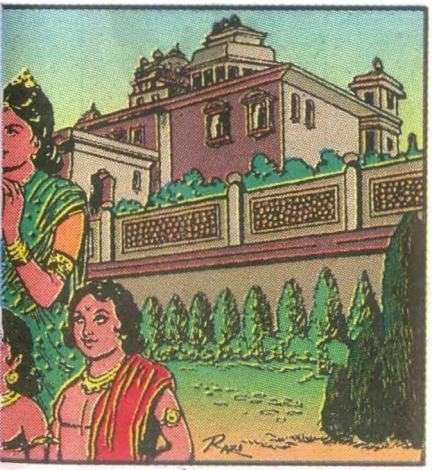
remembered!" he exclaimed happily, taking a handful and eating it then and there.

Tears of joy filled Sudama's eyes. Of course! How could he have imagined that wealth and power could change his old friend? He would always be his old Krishna – loving and generous to a fault! Sudama turned his face away to hide his tears.

Sudama spent several days in Krishna's household. For him, it was like living in heaven. All too soon, it was time for him to take leave of Krishna and Rukmini.

The return journey, too, passed in a dreamlike haze as Sudama was lost in memories of his reunion with Krishna. It was only on reaching the outskirts of his village that Sudama remembered that he had not asked Krishna for anything; nor had Krishna given him any money. Not that it mattered to Sudama, who felt that the memory of this visit alone was sufficient to sustain him for a lifetime! However, he was struck with a pang as he thought of Susheela's expectant face and the pinched faces of his children. Had he been inconsiderate?



The next moment, he held his breath. Where was his dilapidated hut? In its place stood a magnificent palace surrounded by a beautiful garden!

As Sudama stood bewildered, a bejewelled woman, resembling the goddess of Fortune in all her finery, came running out to him. Sudama could hardly recognise his wife Susheela!

As he gathered his joyous wife and children into his arms, Sudama whispered, "Lord Krishna, what a good friend you have been! Your friendship is the most precious wealth of all, and I am a rich man indeed!"

-Retold by
Rajee Raman
(Concluded)

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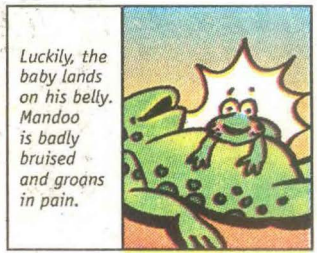

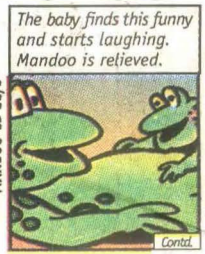

Mandoo switches on the TV and gets engrossed in the cricket match. After a few minutes...
The li'l devil isn't here. Where has he disappeared?
Suddenly, he hears something crashing on the floor. Mandoo rushes into his study from where the noise had come.
DUM

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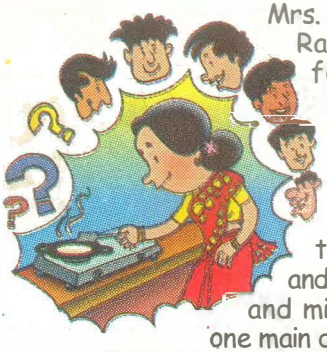
He sees the table has tumbled down on its side.
Oh no! What is the imp up to now?
Manish sits innocently in the midst of the mess he has created.
Put those papers down. They are important.

The inkbottle is broken and the ink has fallen on the papers.
This will serve you right for messing up things.
BOO...HOOO!
MANDOO-CD 22/4
Mandoo gets panicky.
Now, now.. Why do you have to cry for everything? Stop it!
Booo... hoohooo!
Contd.

Breakfast puzzle



Mrs. Kumar has six bachelor sons, of whom Ramesh is the eldest. Her biggest job for the day is preparing breakfast for the finicky youngsters before they leave for work (lunch is no problem, as they eat out). Yesterday, for instance, she prepared two main dishes – *dosa* and *uttappam* – with three side-dishes – *chutney, sambar* and *kurma*. There was also tea, coffee and milk to drink. Each of the boys took one main dish with one side-dish and washed it down with a drink. No two brothers had exactly the same breakfast. The harried Mrs. Kumar laid down only one rule – there had to be a minimum of two takers for any item if she was to make it. From the following clues, can you find out what each one had?

1. Harish, who dislikes *kurma*, sat next to the brother who had *uttappam* and *chutney*.
2. Both Girish and Suresh had *sambar*.
3. Mahesh does not care for *chutney*.
4. Umesh does not like *uttappam*.
5. Girish drank coffee.
6. Those who had *kurma* drank tea; two of the *uttappam* eaters had coffee, while the remaining two brothers drank milk.
7. More than two of the brothers had *dosa*.

Solution

Brother's name	Main dish	Side-dish	Beverage
Harish	Dosa	Chutney	Milk
Girish	Uttappam	Sambar	Coffee
Suresh	Dosa	Sambar	Milk
Mahesh	Uttappam	Kurma	Tea
Umesh	Dosa	Kurma	Tea
Ramesh	Uttappam	Chutney	Coffee

RASHTRA DEEPIKA

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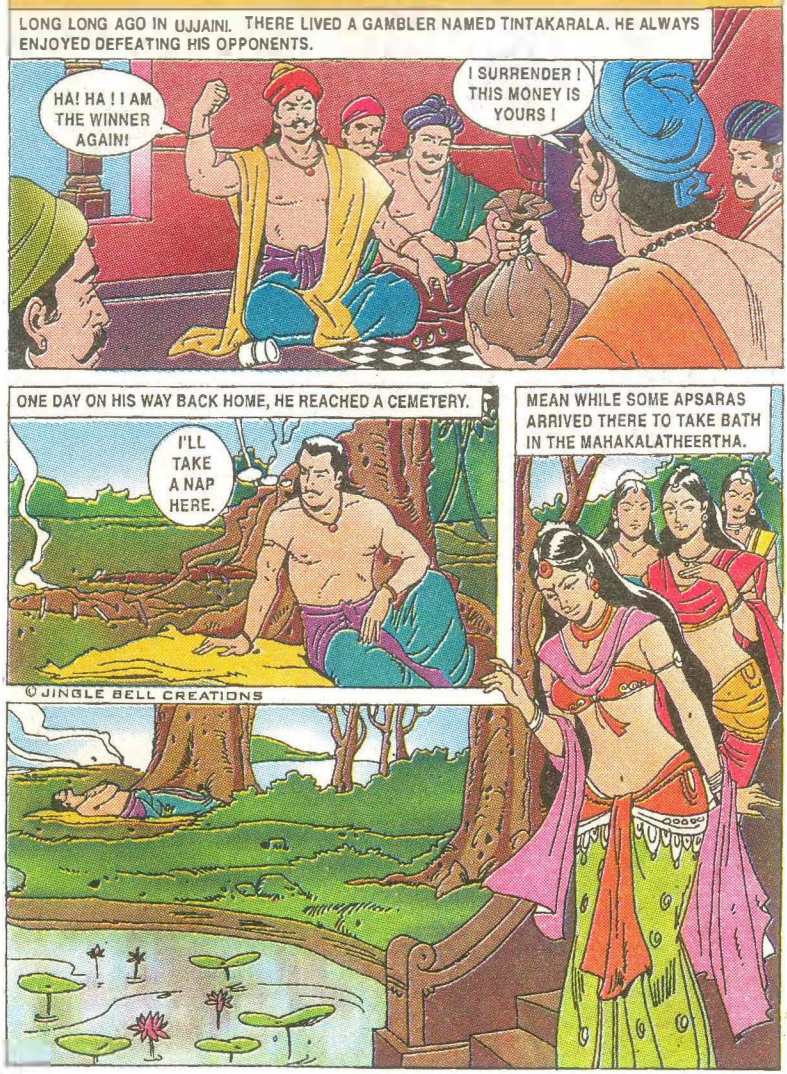
THE GAMBLERS LOVE.


LONG LONG AGO IN UJJAINI. THERE LIVED A GAMBLER NAMED TINTAKARALA. HE ALWAYS ENJOYED DEFEATING HIS OPPONENTS.
HA! HA ! I AM THE WINNER AGAIN!
I SURRENDER ! THIS MONEY IS YOURS !
ONE DAY ON HIS WAY BACK HOME, HE REACHED A CEMETERY.
I'LL TAKE A NAP HERE.
MEAN WHILE SOME APSARAS ARRIVED THERE TO TAKE BATH IN THE MAHAKALATHEERTHA.
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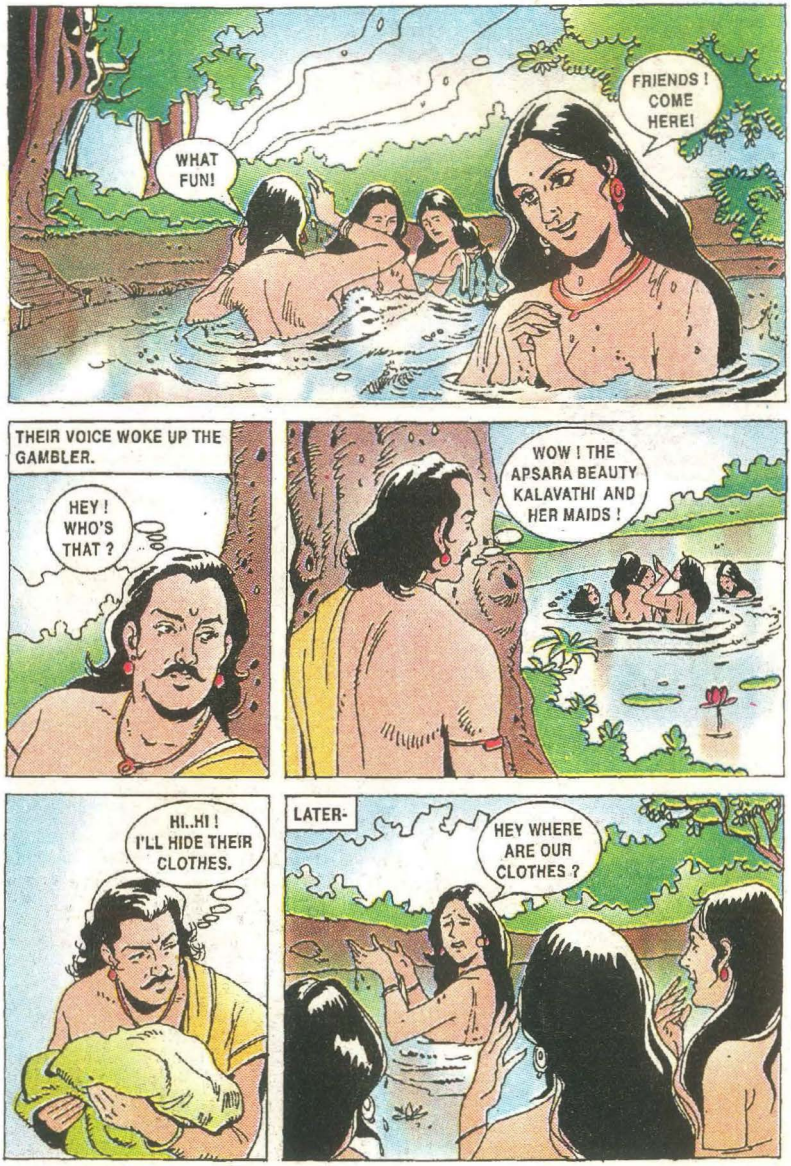
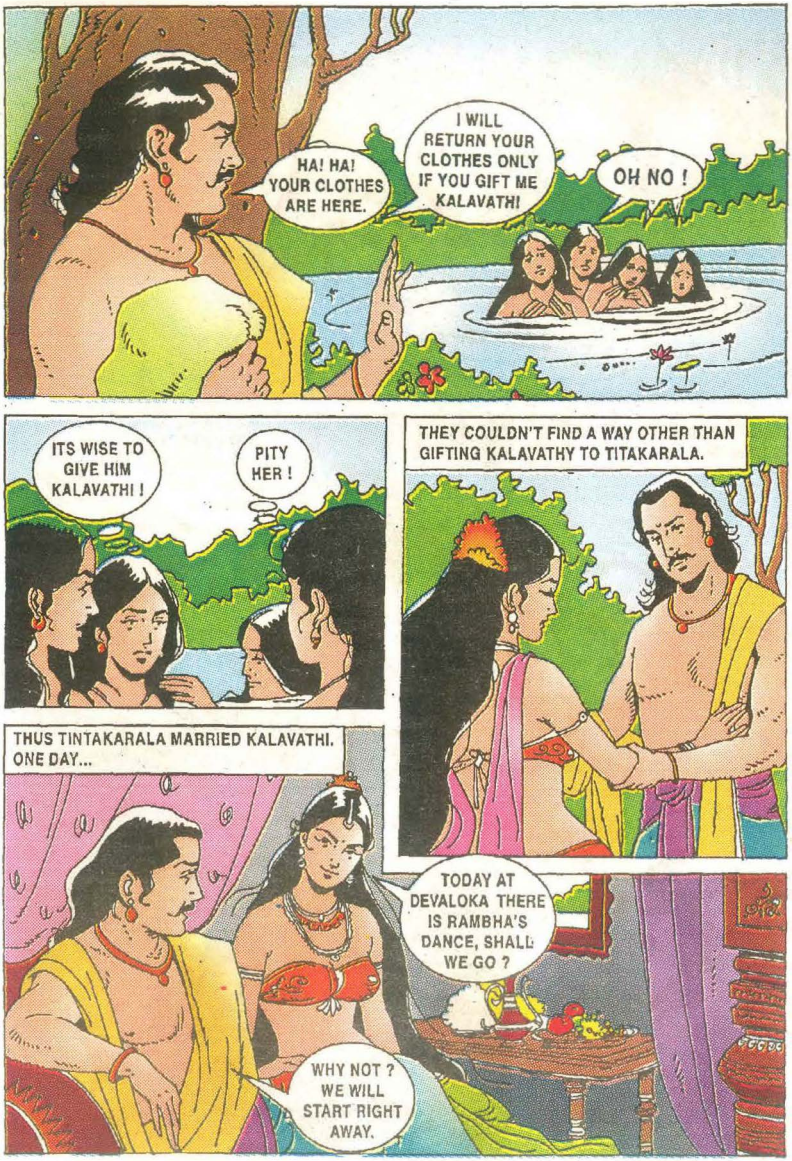
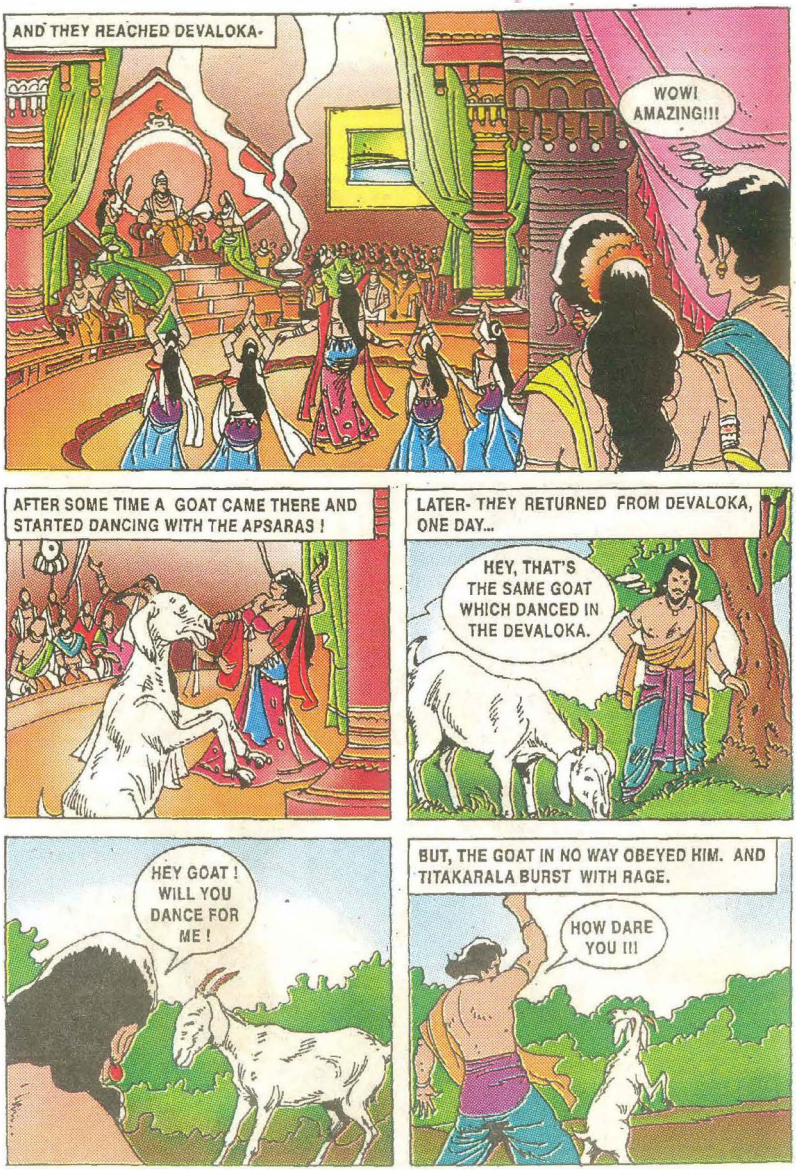
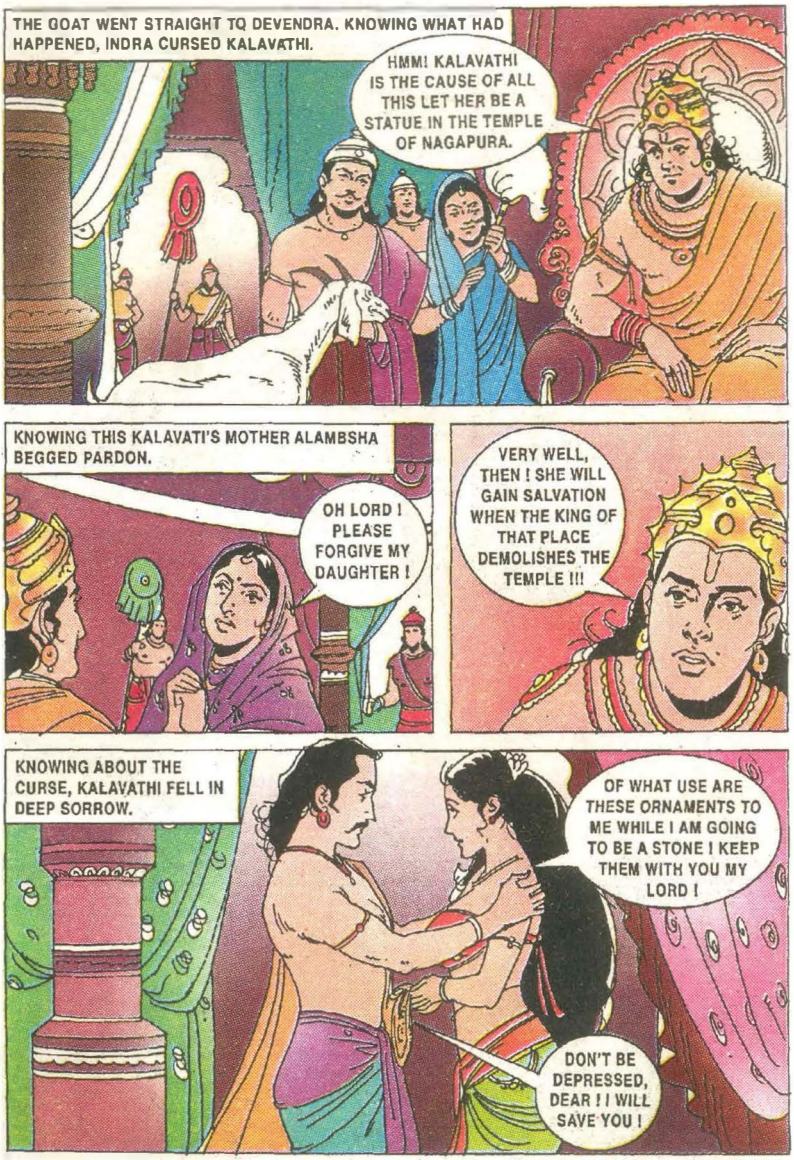
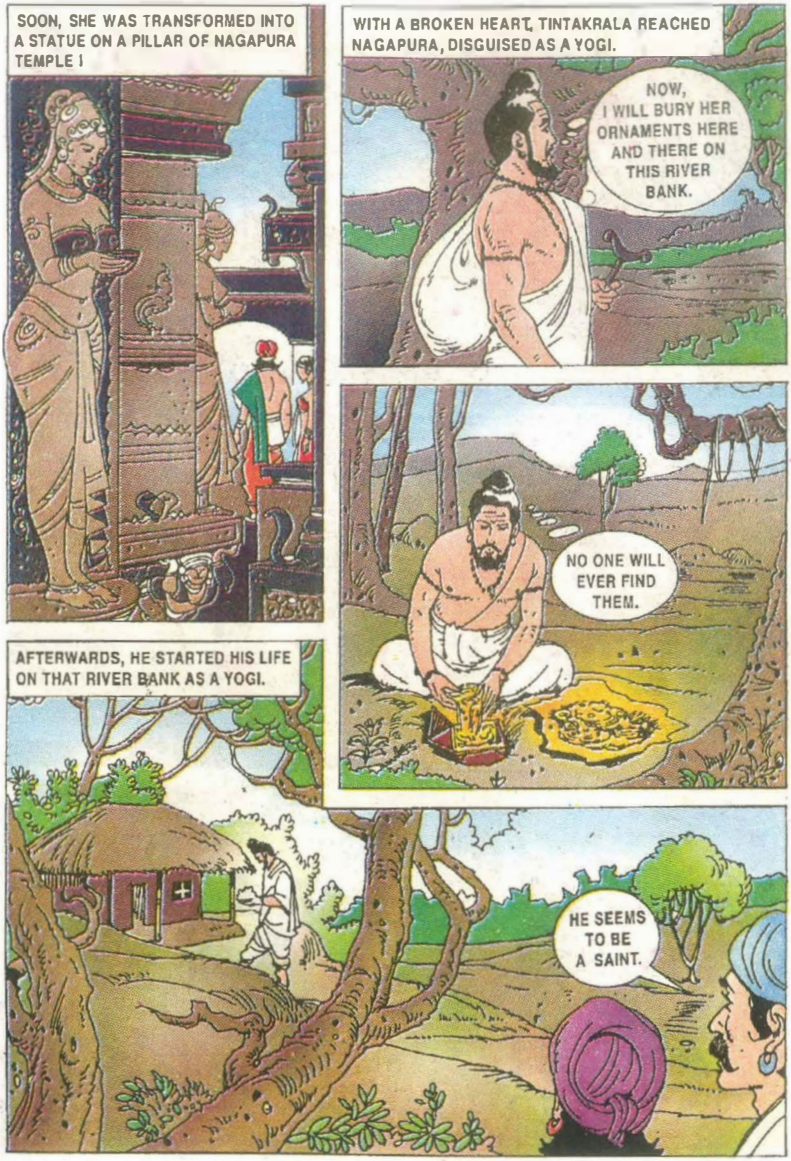
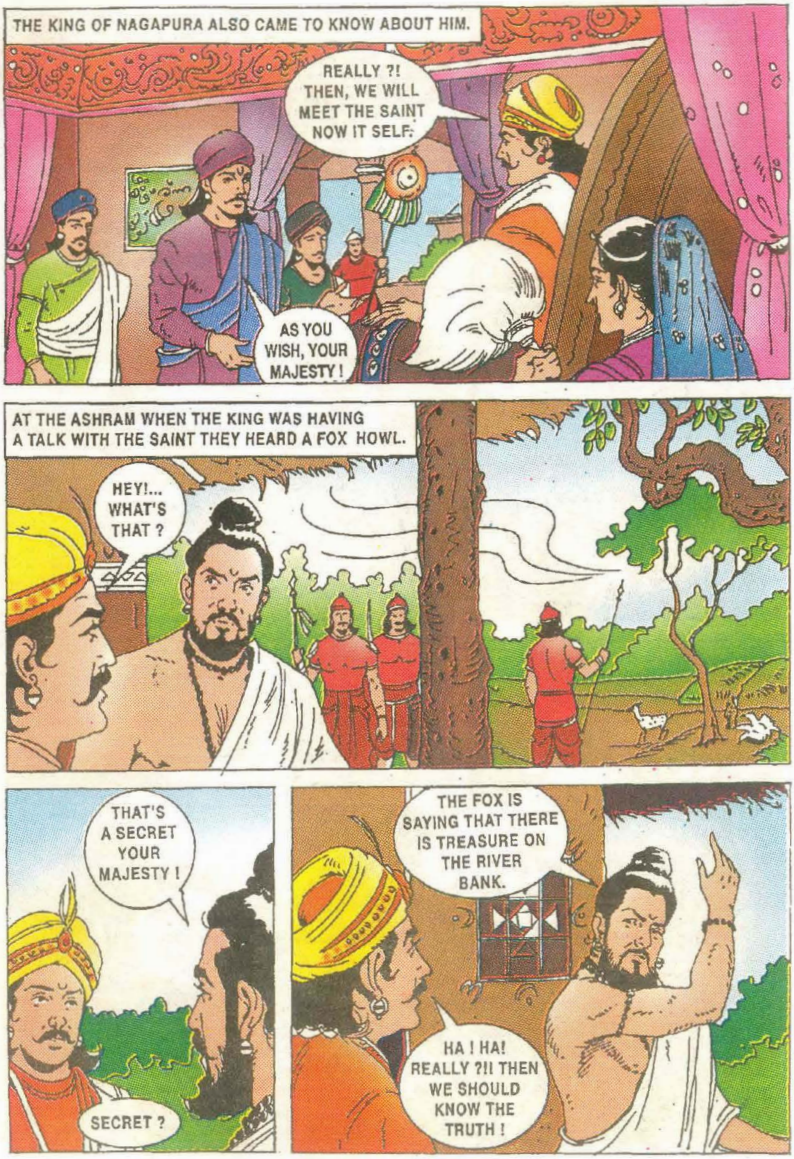

WHAT FUN!
FRIENDS ! COME HERE!
THEIR VOICE WOKE UP THE GAMBLER.
HEY ! WHO'S THAT ?
WOW ! THE APSARA BEAUTY KALAVATHI AND HER MAIDS !
HI..HI ! I'LL HIDE THEIR CLOTHES.
LATER-
HEY WHERE ARE OUR CLOTHES ?


HA! HA! YOUR CLOTHES ARE HERE.
I WILL RETURN YOUR CLOTHES ONLY IF YOU GIFT ME KALAVATHI
OH NO !
ITS WISE TO GIVE HIM KALAVATHI !
PITY HER !
THEY COULDN'T FIND A WAY OTHER THAN GIFTING KALAVATHY TO TITAKARALA.
THUS TINTAKARALA MARRIED KALAVATHI. ONE DAY...
TODAY AT DEVALOKA THERE IS RAMBHA'S DANCE, SHALL WE GO ?
WHY NOT ? WE WILL START RIGHT AWAY.

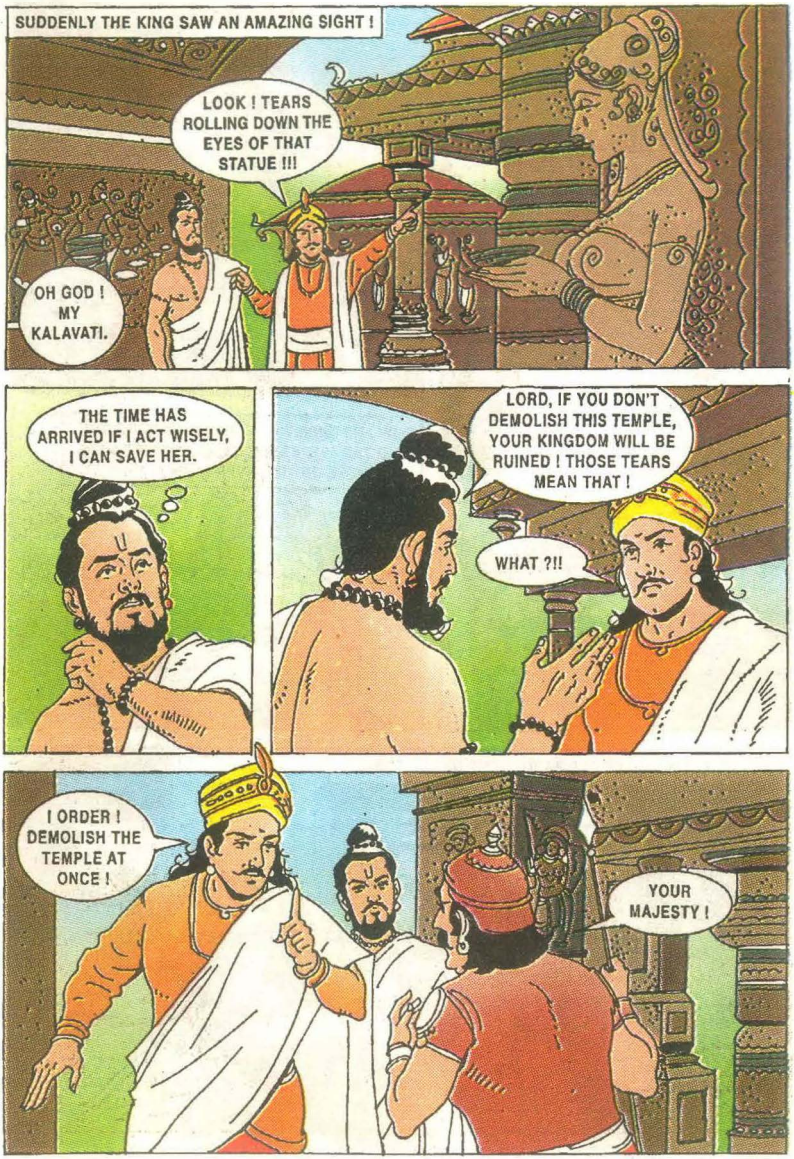

AND THEY REACHED DEVALOKA-
WOW! AMAZING!!!
AFTER SOME TIME A GOAT CAME THERE AND STARTED DANCING WITH THE APSARAS !
LATER- THEY RETURNED FROM DEVALOKA, ONE DAY...
HEY, THAT'S THE SAME GOAT WHICH DANCED IN THE DEVALOKA.
HEY GOAT ! WILL YOU DANCE FOR ME !
BUT, THE GOAT IN NO WAY OBEYED HIM. AND TITAKARALA BURST WITH RAGE.
HOW DARE YOU !!!


THE GOAT WENT STRAIGHT TO DEVENDRA. KNOWING WHAT HAD HAPPENED, INDRA CURSED KALAVATHI.
HMM! KALAVATHI IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS LET HER BE A STATUE IN THE TEMPLE OF NAGAPURA.
KNOWING THIS KALAVATI'S MOTHER ALAMBSHA BEGGED PARDON.
OH LORD ! PLEASE FORGIVE MY DAUGHTER !
VERY WELL, THEN ! SHE WILL GAIN SALVATION WHEN THE KING OF THAT PLACE DEMOLISHES THE TEMPLE !!!
KNOWING ABOUT THE CURSE, KALAVATHI FELL IN DEEP SORROW.
OF WHAT USE ARE THESE ORNAMENTS TO ME WHILE I AM GOING TO BE A STONE ! KEEP THEM WITH YOU MY LORD !
DON'T BE DEPRESSED, DEAR ! I WILL SAVE YOU !


SOON, SHE WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A STATUE ON A PILLAR OF NAGAPURA TEMPLE !
WITH A BROKEN HEART, TINTAKRALA REACHED NAGAPURA, DISGUISED AS A YOGI.
NOW, I WILL BURY HER ORNAMENTS HERE AND THERE ON THIS RIVER BANK.
NO ONE WILL EVER FIND THEM.
AFTERWARDS, HE STARTED HIS LIFE ON THAT RIVER BANK AS A YOGI.
HE SEEMS TO BE A SAINT.


THE KING OF NAGAPURA ALSO CAME TO KNOW ABOUT HIM.
REALLY ?! THEN, WE WILL MEET THE SAINT NOW IT SELF.
AS YOU WISH, YOUR MAJESTY !
AT THE ASHRAM WHEN THE KING WAS HAVING A TALK WITH THE SAINT THEY HEARD A FOX HOWL.
HEY!... WHAT'S THAT ?
THAT'S A SECRET YOUR MAJESTY !
SECRET ?
THE FOX IS SAYING THAT THERE IS TREASURE ON THE RIVER BANK.
HA ! HA! REALLY ?!I THEN WE SHOULD KNOW THE TRUTH !

NOT LATER...
OH, LORD ! AMAZING !! A POT FULL OF JEWELLERY !!!
YOU ARE REALLY DIVINE !!!
NOW AND THEN TINTAKARALA SHOWED THE KING THE JEWELLERY HE HAD BURIED HERE AND THERE ON THE RIVER BANK.
ONE DAY THE KING AND THE SAINT WENT TO THE TEMPLE.
MY KALAVATI IS A STATUE HERE. WHEN CAN I SAVE HER ?

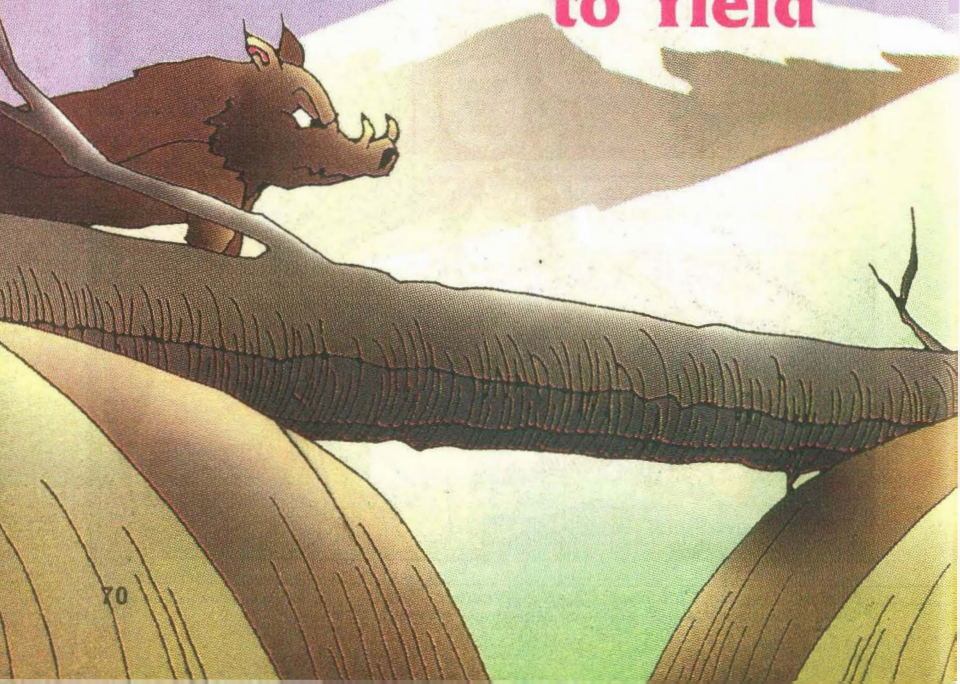

SUDDENLY THE KING SAW AN AMAZING SIGHT !
LOOK ! TEARS ROLLING DOWN THE EYES OF THAT STATUE !!!
OH GOD ! MY KALAVATI.
THE TIME HAS ARRIVED IF I ACT WISELY, I CAN SAVE HER.
LORD, IF YOU DON'T DEMOLISH THIS TEMPLE, YOUR KINGDOM WILL BE RUINED ! THOSE TEARS MEAN THAT !
WHAT ?!!
I ORDER ! DEMOLISH THE TEMPLE AT ONCE !
YOUR MAJESTY !

AND THUS...
KALAVATI GOT SALVATION !
SOON, SHE REACHED DEVENDRA AND TOLD HIM ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED-
KALAVATI, TINTAKARANLA HAS A HEART RICH IN LOVE. BRING HIM HERE TOO!
THANK YOU LORD !
© JINGLE BELL CREATIONS
THUS TINTAKARALA TOO CAME TO DEVALOKA AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

There is a Time to Yield

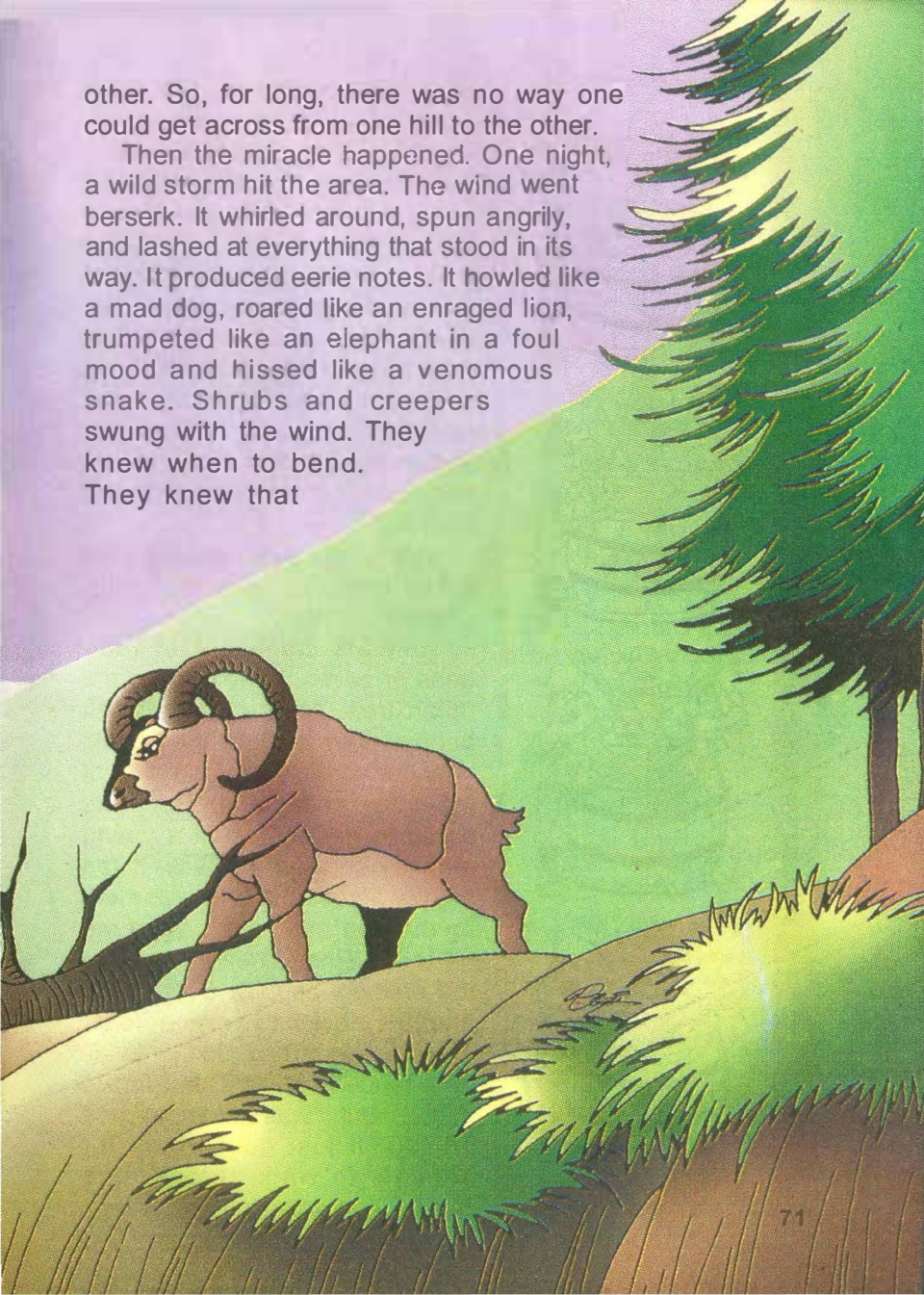
- *R. K. Murthi, New Delhi*

A wild stream sped through the narrow gorge between two hills. It rumbled and tumbled, spraying the air around with balloons of water, after hitting the slopes of the hills that dipped down to the stream. Sunlight hit the waters only around noon. Hardly for an hour, at best! At other times, the stream lay in near darkness. The rocky walls that framed the river at the depths ran almost vertically upwards. They sloped, but it was hard to spot the slope. Yet it was there. At the top, the hills displayed a cleft of about four metres. The cleft was hard enough to deter animals from daring to get across from one hill to the



other. So, for long, there was no way one could get across from one hill to the other.

Then the miracle happened. One night, a wild storm hit the area. The wind went berserk. It whirled around, spun angrily, and lashed at everything that stood in its way. It produced eerie notes. It howled like a mad dog, roared like an enraged lion, trumpeted like an elephant in a foul mood and hissed like a venomous snake. Shrubs and creepers swung with the wind. They knew when to bend. They knew that



Try It... Which two scenes are exactly alike? (See page 97)

they had to bow to the will of the wind. They did that. But the huge big tree that stood a few feet away from the edge of the gorge did not yield. It held its head high. "Bow down," the saplings murmured. "Don't challenge the wild wind," said the creepers. But the big tree would not bend. The wind became furious. It rushed in with such force that the tree was uprooted. With a loud thud, the tree fell across the gorge. Its trunk now formed a bridge across the hills.

The wind's fury wore off after a few hours. It became tender and soft by dawn.

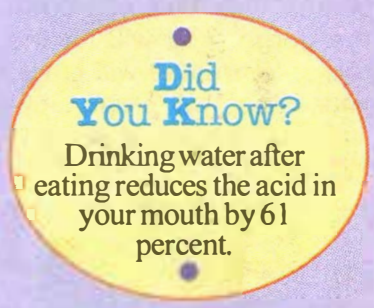
Animals came out of their dens or caves. They noticed the fallen tree. All the animals felt happy. They thought they could now get across from one side of the gorge to the other. But none dared to get across till a young monkey showed the way. It ran merrily across the bridge formed by the tree from one side of the hill to the other. Then it waved to the animals happily. Soon more animals dared to walk across. The tree was strong. So there was no chance it would crack in the middle. But it was not very broad on top. It just gave room for animals to walk across one

behind the other. They had to form a single file. One had to wait for traffic from one direction to be cleared before traffic in the opposite direction could begin.

It was a fine sunny afternoon. A mountain goat gambolled merrily, nibbling at the tender leaves of shrubs, often pausing to shake its head and to sniff the air for any smells of danger. That was instinctive, for many dangerous wild animals roamed the hills. There were tigers as well as lions. Wolves too had their homes in the hills. The mountain goat kept moving, ever vigilant, ever watchful, till it stood right on top of the hill. It paused, close to the rim of the hill, and surveyed the scene around. Then its eyes fell on a small shrub on the hill, on the opposite side of the gorge. The shrub was green all over. It sported abundant tender leaves. "Yum, yum, I would not miss those leaves. They are real delicacies. How often does one get to eat such leaves!" the goat told itself.

How could it get across the gorge? It could not jump across. It could jump across ravines whose width did not exceed two meters. That was the outer limit of its jump. The gorge that stood before it was more than four meters wide. There was no question of taking a wild fling. The goat knew that such a step would be fatal. It would fall down the gorge to its death.

How then could it get near the shrub with the tender leaves?



The goat suddenly remembered the natural bridge formed by the felled tree. "I could easily walk across," the goat chuckled, as it trotted merrily to the bridge and got ready to walk across.

The goat had just placed its front foot on the bridge when it heard the bellow of a wild boar from across the

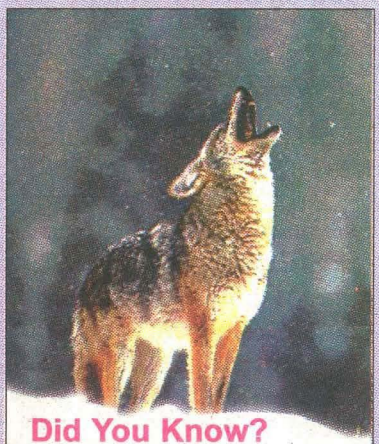
gorge. It too was on the bridge, but on the other side.

"Can't you see that I have the right of way? I came first," the goat bleated loudly.

"I came first, so wait till I get across," the boar replied.

"You wait till I get across," the goat shook its head, firmly.

"How dare you argue with me? Can't you see my strong horn? I shall tear you to shreds. I will toss you down the gorge. You will hit the rocks. Your head will crack, your bones will break, your limbs will be torn apart. And there will be nothing left of you if you dare to cross the bridge while I am on it."



Did You Know?

Wolves can howl messages to each other from a mile or two apart.

"Stay off. Can't you see that I have already begun to move across?" shouted the goat.

"I could well give the same message to you. Stay off or . . ." the boar growled.

"Keep out. Or I will butt you with my head and you will be thrown off into the depths below," the goat moved a couple of steps forward.

"You think I will back off?" the boar was quivering with rage.

"Get the hell out of my way. Or . . ." the goat gnashed its teeth.

"What will you do? You silly hilly billy," the boar made fun of the goat.

"Want to see?" the goat moved a few more steps forward.

The boar too moved a few feet ahead.

They got closer to each other. Soon they could move no further.

Then the two sensed the danger. There was no room for them to get across unless one of them backed all the way to the starting point.

Humour about Language

No wonder the English language is so very difficult to learn. I sometimes wonder how we manage to communicate at all!

The farm was used to produce produce.
The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
The soldier decided to desert in the desert.
This was a good time to present the present.
A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
I did not object to the object.
The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
The bandage was wound around the wound.
There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
They were too close to the door to close it.
They sent a sewer down to stitch the tear in the sewer line.
To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
The wind was too strong to wind the sail.

"Better retrace your steps," the goat bleated.

"I only move forward," the boar was firm in its stand.

"I am no coward, either," the goat bragged.

The goat butted the boar. The boar's horn tore into the goat's head. It moved back, charged again, and succeeded in pushing the boar off the trunk. The boar tried to stay on the bridge, but the force of the push was so strong that it fell off. The horn of the boar, as it fell, gored the goat and the goat too toppled over.

The animals on both sides of the hills felt sad. The tragedy, they told each other, could have been avoided. "The goat could have let the boar get across first. Or the boar could have given the goat right of way. If only the goat and the boar had known that there is a time to yield," said the old wily fox as he shared his words of wisdom with the others. ■

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DUCKLING game

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Congratulations, dear young winners!

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Hello little friends,

Here is an interesting game for you - a 'Fun Game' that brings to you wonderful gifts. So, get started and win your gifts.

Find out how many smaller words you can form from the word

SCOOTER

Attractive Prizes!

Two entries with the highest number of words will get a surprise gift. Besides, there are three consolation prizes, too!

So rush your answers on a postcard to:

The Editor, Fun Time, Rashtra Deepika Children's Digest, P.B. No. 7, Kottayam, Kerala.

N.B.: Don't forget to put your address on the card. Also please don't repeat any letter more than the number of times it has appeared in the word.

Crossword

- K. S. Geethavani, Coimbatore

Across:

1. A bird that swims (7)
7. Long pole for rowing a boat (3)
8. Water vapour found in 'MATES' (5)
9. Uttered an untruth (4)
10. 'Where the mind is without .....' : Tagore (4)
13. Fine cloth used in a bandage (5)
15. Unlimited Power Suppiy (1,1,1)
16. A small stream (7)

Down:

2. An eagle's nest (5)
3. A sudden outpouring, a violent outflow (4)
4. Frozen water (3)
5. Educational institution (7)
6. King : Queen as Emperor : ..... (7)
11. Escape skillfully, evade (5)
12. List of items at a restaurant (4)
14. Prefix meaning 'one' (3)

(See page 97)

-P. G.

Flexible Concrete

The usual concrete is hard, stiff, strong and brittle. Now researchers at the University of Michigan, U.S.A. have developed a new concrete which is flexible under stress and doesn't form cracks easily. Belonging to a class of materials called Engineering Cement Composites (E.C.C.), the new material looks like the usual concrete, but is 500 times more resistant to cracking and 40 percent lighter in weight.

Fluoride in Tap-Water a Health Risk

A recent study conducted in America shows that the presence of fluoride in tap-water is harmful for boys, though as yet there is no evidence that it is harmful for girls. The research indicated that boys exposed to fluoride between the ages of five and ten will suffer an increased rate of bone cancer between the ages of ten and nineteen.

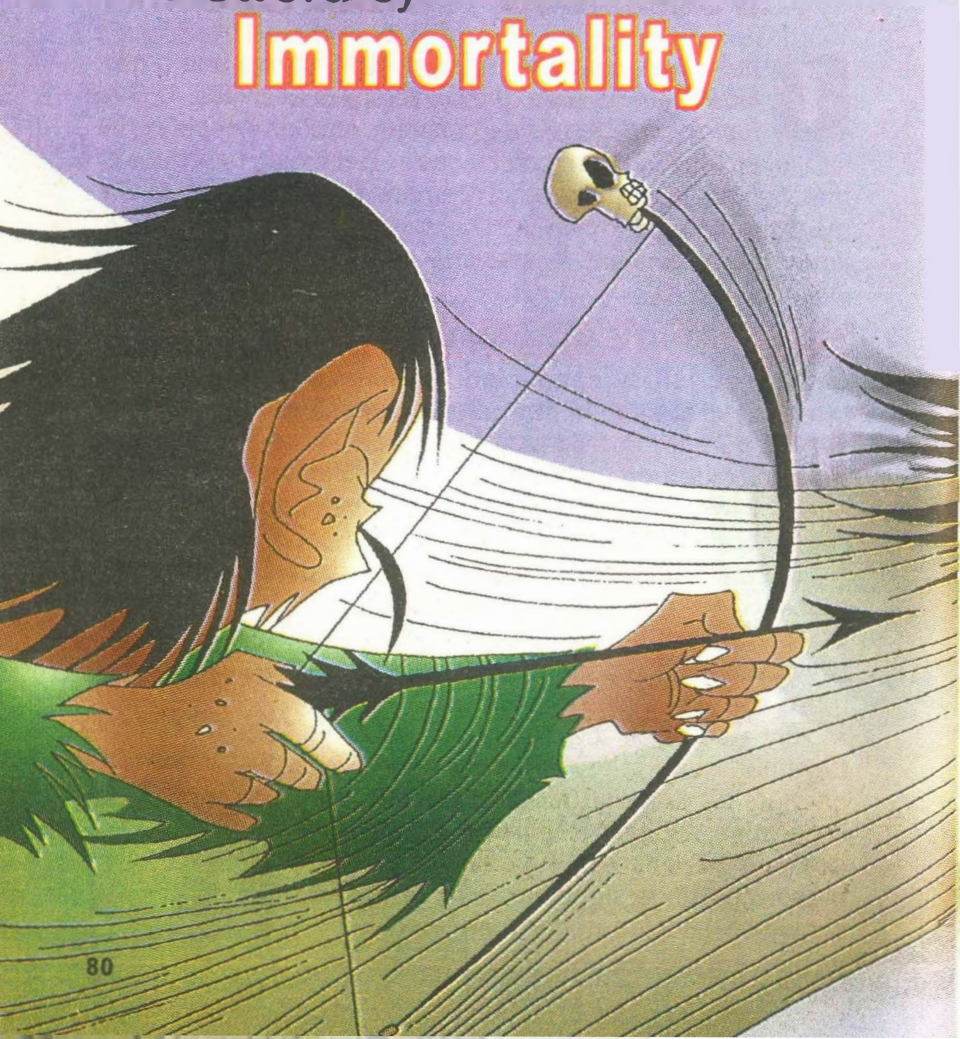
In Britain fluoride is added to tap water and about ten percent of the population receive fluoridated water. Regarding the age period of risk for boys, Dr. Vivian Howard, of the University of Liverpool in England, said: "At these ages the bones of boys are developing rapidly, and so, if the bones are being put together abnormally because fluoride is altering the bone structure, they are more likely to get cancer." Regarding why girls are not as much affected, he said, "There is at present no understanding as to why males should be affected rather than females."

Novel

Chapter Eight

- *Ciju Puthuppally*

The Sword of Immortality



It was a very cloudy day. Dane and the others had woken up very early and were already in the air by eight o'clock.

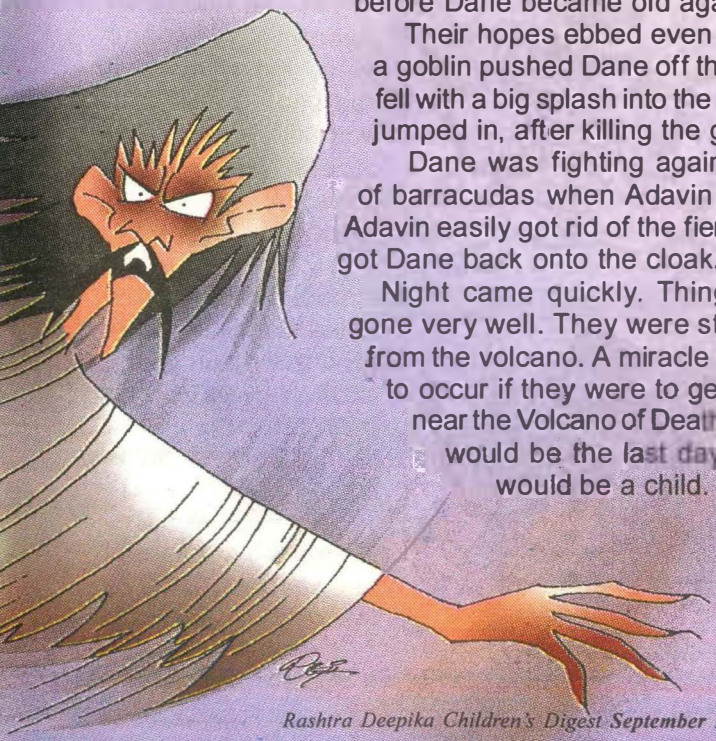
More eagles had attacked them in the morning and time was running out.

Dane could see a sea below them. He watched the blue waves crash into the shore. He wondered what would happen if he could not get the sword. Chiva would be full of evil...

It began to rain. There was a storm. It slowed the wizards down. They couldn't fly fast in the rain.

By noon, everyone's hopes of getting the Sword of Immortality ebbed. They were all drenched in water.

Everything was quiet. Nobody thought that there was any chance of getting to the Volcano of Death before Dane became old again.



Their hopes ebbed even more when a goblin pushed Dane off the cloak. He fell with a big splash into the sea. Adavin jumped in, after killing the goblin.

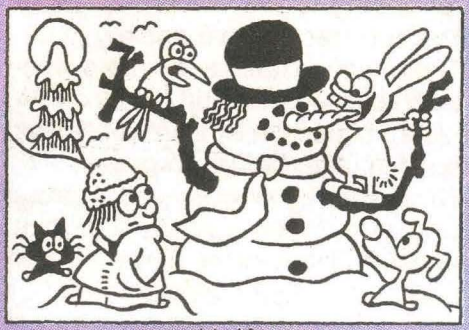
Dane was fighting against a group of barracudas when Adavin found him. Adavin easily got rid of the fierce fish and got Dane back onto the cloak.

Night came quickly. Things had not gone very well. They were still far away from the volcano. A miracle would have to occur if they were to get anywhere near the Volcano of Death. Tomorrow would be the last day that Dane would be a child.

They slept in a cave on a mountain. Nobody said anything.

Wiseman screamed as Zetrof stabbed him in his stomach. He felt as if the blade was cutting through his heart. He clutched his arm as Zetrof cut it open. He heard Zetrof's cruel laughter. Zetrof walked towards him to give him the final blow. Wiseman saw the blade coming closer and closer to his neck. He screamed for help. And then Zetrof swung it as hard as he could. Wiseman felt as if he was seeing it all in slow motion, the sharp blade coming as close as it could get before killing him. And then it reached him...

Try It... Find six differences between these two panels.



www.slylockfox.com

(See page 97)

Wiseman woke up sweating and breathing heavily. It had been a dream. It was still midnight. The others were fast asleep.

He looked around. The cloaks were all ripped! Then he saw Zetrof standing in front of him, ripping his cloak. He was the one that ripped their cloaks. But how did he come here?

"Ah, Wiseman," Zetrof whispered. "I see that you're awake."

Zetrof was holding a bow and some

Did You Know?

We actually do not see with our eyes - we see with our brains. The eyes basically are the cameras of the brain. One-quarter of the brain is used to control the eyes.

arrows. He shot three of them at Wiseman, who ducked, the arrows missing him by a few inches.

Wiseman sent a flash of lightning at Zetrof. Zetrof laughed, holding out his hands. The lightning went into his left hand and came out from his right, hitting Wiseman's face with double power.

"Your powers don't hurt me, Wiseman," Zetrof snarled.

He shot two more arrows at Wiseman. Both of them narrowly missed his head.

"Adavin, wake up!" Wiseman shouted.

Zetrof punched him in the face and said, "Let them sleep while they can. Or can't you fight on your own, wizard?"

Wiseman went over to Adavin to wake him up, but before he could, three sharp arrows pierced his heart.

Zetrof aimed some arrows at Dane, but suddenly there was a flash of lightning and Law appeared.

"Don't you try that," Law's deep voice boomed out. "I won't kill you because you are the one to become king; but if you try to kill Dane, you will have to pay the price. He has to die on his own. I won't kill you but I will give you a little punishment."

Law pointed a finger at Zetrof. Something pushed him away and into the sea. He floated on the cold water, looking at the stars.

"Nice punishment," he grunted.

(To be continued)

Did You Know?

The ancient Egyptians thought onions kept evil spirits away. When they took an oath (made a promise), they placed one hand on an onion.

- *P. Gopalakrishnan*

Elizabeth Shull Russell

(1913-2001)

The pioneer in mammalian genetics

Elizabeth Shull was born in 1913 at Ann Arbor, Michigan, USA, the eldest child of A. Franklin Shull and Margaret Jeffrey Buckley. Her father was a professor of zoology at the University of Michigan, while her mother was a teacher of zoology. There was a tradition of science and learning in the families of both the parents. There were five scientists including her father in his family while her mother's brother was a physicist. Thus Elizabeth provides ample proof of the fact that traits are often handed down in families.

Elizabeth also believed that the environment in which one grows up influences people. She was interested in plants and animals right from her school days. When she was about 12 she spent a summer vacation collecting the flowers found in a forest near her home. She was surprised at the large variety

of plant life found even in a small area. Her mother helped her preserve her specimens.

On completing high school she joined the University of Michigan taking up zoology and general science. She studied chemistry and mathematics also. During summer vacations she taught nature study at a children's camp. She also spent vacations studying the animals kept at the university.

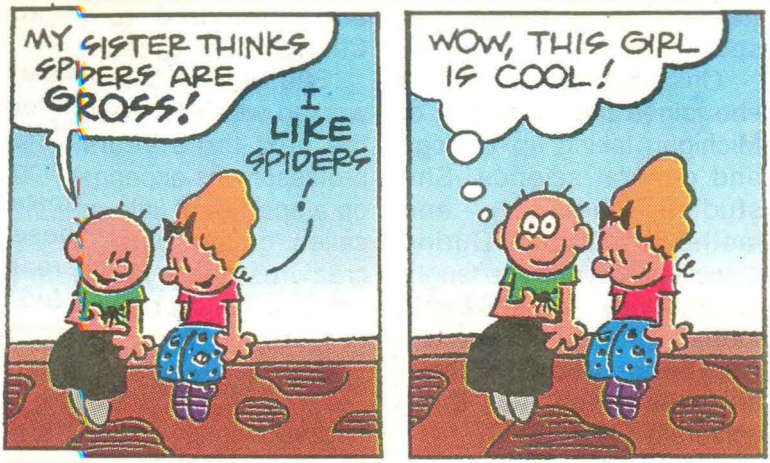
After her study at Michigan she joined the Columbia University for zoology. It was during her study at Columbia that she became interested in genetics. She read some papers by Professor Sewell Wright of the University of Chicago on the work he had done on genes. Prof. Wright was trying to find out the processes by which genes helped in producing specific traits. Elizabeth was fascinated. "This held my interest as nothing else had done before. Almost without knowing it, something had happened to me. I knew I wanted to be a geneticist, and I decided to go to Chicago," she wrote.

She went to Chicago and worked with Prof. Wright for the next three years. The professor was experimenting on a species of little animals called 'guinea pigs'. These creatures came in different colours, black, brown, red,

Did You Know?

Grazing animals are divided into ungulates and artiodactyls, according to how many toes they have. Ungulates have an odd number of toes on each foot. They include horses, rhinos and tapirs. Artiodactyls have an even number. They include camels and buffaloes.

Bonnie and Booboo



yellow and white. The professor was trying to find out the processes by which the genes effected the colours on the hair of guinea pigs.

This mystery interested Elizabeth also, and she plunged herself into work, a work which proved to be lengthy. It was at this time, in 1937, that she met William L. Russell, another student of genetics, and fell in love with him. They married soon. William Russell left Chicago and went to Roscoe B. Jackson Laboratory at Bar Harbor, Maine, to join as a research scientist. Elizabeth soon followed, but the laboratory couldn't afford one more hand at the research. However, they allowed her to use the lab to do her own research.

Here Elizabeth began a study of how genes cause certain kinds of tumours. She experimented with the fruit fly, which is very prone to

Did You Know?

97.2% of the Earth's water is salt water.

tumours. This fly is important in the history of genetics because much of our knowledge of the science of genetics came from a study of it.

When she had completed this research her interest turned to the hair colour of mice. But this absorbing work was interrupted by the birth of four children to her, three boys and one girl, all in a span of six years between 1940 and 1946. Despite this, by 1947 she completed a study of the colouring substances in 36 different kinds of mice. This study helped her obtain knowledge on the effects of some genes on colours.

Then trouble struck in the form of a fire that destroyed her laboratory and its precious collection of research animals. No less than 90000 mice were killed which meant her entire stock was destroyed. As her lab was supplying mice to

Did You Know?

Honeybees have hair on their eyes.

hundreds of sister institutions throughout the country, the fire ushered in a crisis in the field of genetics research itself.

Elizabeth soon began to rebuild the laboratory. Research centres all over the world helped her by sending mice so that the laboratory could function again. She went about it with determination and within a few years she was able to rebuild it. As a matter of fact, by 1950, she had more mice in her lab than there were before the fire!

As soon as the new lab was ready she began fresh studies on how genes effected the colouring processes. It was found that certain colour-producing devices work from the minute holes from which hair grows. She found that certain genes that effect colouration also have serious effects on blood. This prompted her to study the influence of genes on blood diseases and this led to the discovery that genes that produce blood diseases also have direct effect on the blood-forming substances in the body. In a separate research she also found important facts that help explain why some animals are not able to reproduce.

In the summer of 1951, she noticed a young mouse dragging its foot. She called it 'Funny Foot' and asked Ann Michelson, a young student working under her, to study it. Under her guidance Ann found that Funny Foot had a muscular disease

Riddles

No visible flesh,
Nor blood,
Nor bone.
But within time,
Will walk alone.
What are they?

(See page 97)

Did You Know?

Polar bears can swim 60 miles without pausing for a rest.

which was similar to the muscular dystrophy that affects humans. Further studies showed that this disease is passed on to children by the action of a particular pair of genes.

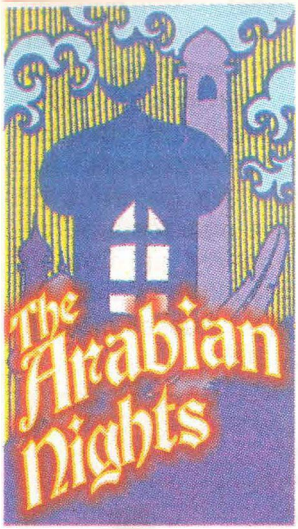
In 1954 she organized a meeting of geneticists from around the world to pool together the knowledge gathered in this field. Her name soon became known in the world of genetics as one who contributed significantly to its growth. She was made a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, one of the very few women to be honoured by that august body.

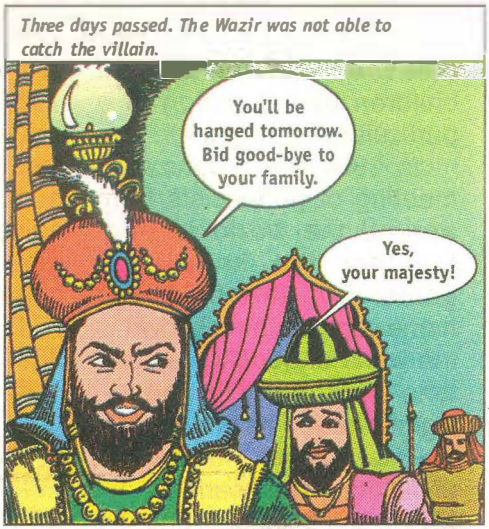
In a career spanning five decades, Dr. Elizabeth Russell published over 135 scientific papers on various aspects of genetics, including pioneering work on pigmentation, blood-forming cells, and germ cells. Dr. Russell repeatedly demonstrated the usefulness of mouse models for the study and development of therapies for heritable human diseases. Successful marrow transplantations she and her colleagues performed in the 1960's preceded the development of similar treatment protocols for humans. The genetics of aging was also fostered by her longevity studies in genetically different mice.

Elizabeth Russell died on 28th May 2001. ■

Did You Know?

The smallest island in the world - according to the *Guinness Book of Records* - is Bishop Rock. It lies at the most south-westerly part of the United Kingdom. It is one of 1040 islands around Britain and only has a lighthouse on it.




Three days passed. The Wazir was not able to catch the villain.
You'll be hanged tomorrow. Bid good-bye to your family.
Yes, your majesty!

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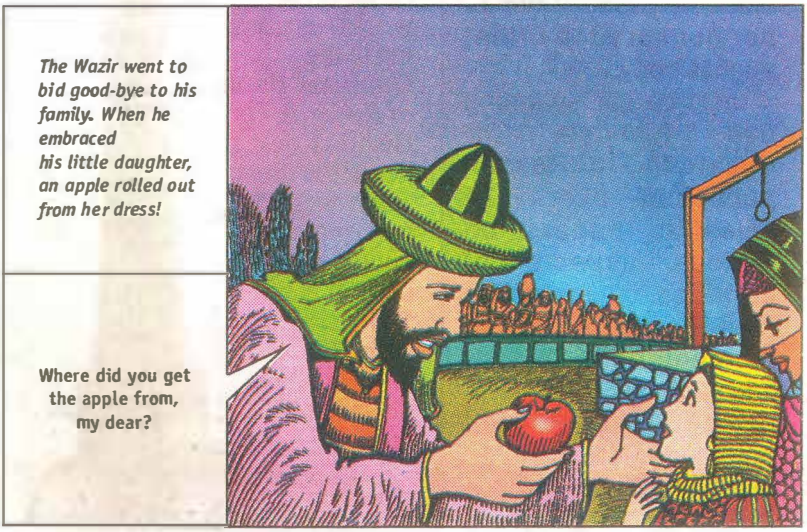
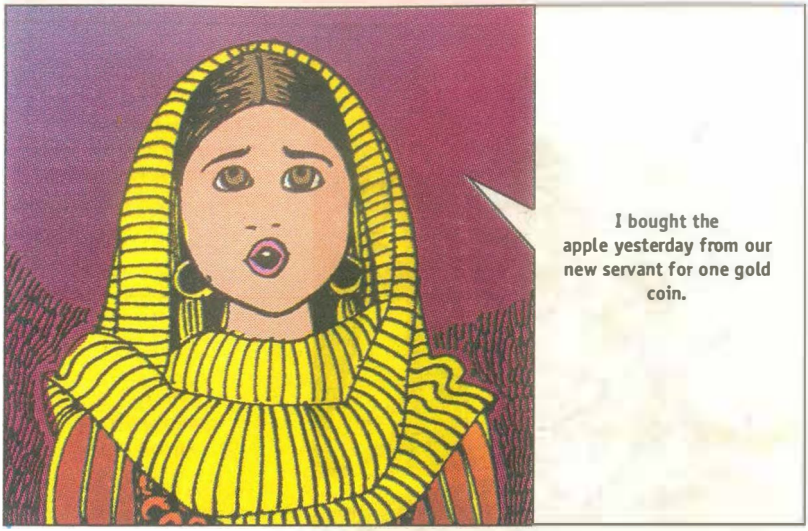

The Wazir went to bid good-bye to his family. When he embraced his little daughter, an apple rolled out from her dress!
Where did you get the apple from, my dear?



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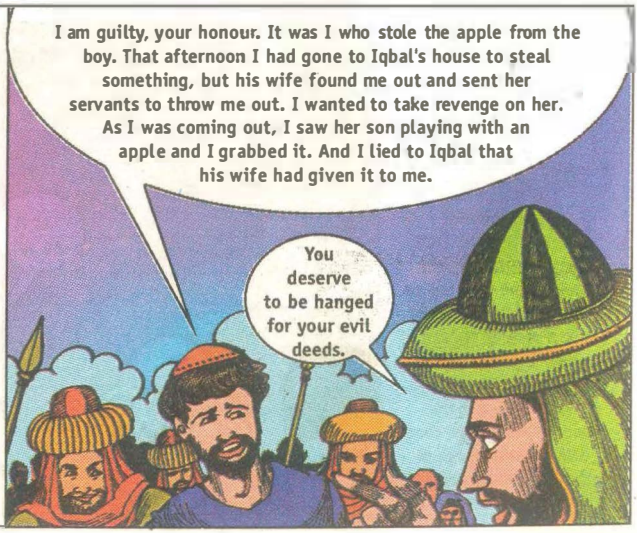
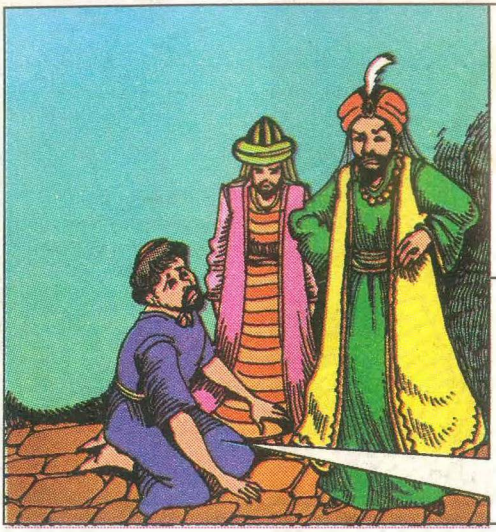
The servant was produced before the Wazir and questioned. He confessed to having stolen the fruit from Iqbal's son.


I am guilty, your honour. It was I who stole the apple from the boy. That afternoon I had gone to Iqbal's house to steal something, but his wife found me out and sent her servants to throw me out. I wanted to take revenge on her. As I was coming out, I saw her son playing with an apple and I grabbed it. And I lied to Iqbal that his wife had given it to me.
You deserve to be hanged for your evil deeds.



The Caliph handed the ruffian to the hangman and announced a reward for the Wazir.

Please spare my life, my lord!

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Iqbal intervened and pleaded on behalf of the ruffian.

Your honour, let his life be spared. Instead, parade him through the country, so that people can know how an idle lie can cause a great tragedy. Also parade me along with him. Let the people also know that the consequences of how an hasty action can be devastating.

Quiz of the Month

- Prof. N.G.J.

1. Who wrote the book: "My Name Escapes Me: The Diary of a Retiring Actor"?
2. Who was the Jesuit Astronomer who helped Pope Gregory XIII in the calendar reform?
3. Which article of the Constitution of India prohibits child labour?
4. Who defeated Ibrahim Lodi in the First Battle of Panipat in 1526 AD?
5. In the Geological Time Scale, when was the period known as "Jurassic Period"?
6. Who is the founder of the House of Tata?
7. Name the National Bird of the USA.
8. Which region in Sudan was in the international news recently due to the ethnic violence between Arab and non-Arab groups?
9. Where in Germany is the head quarters of the Volkswagen company?
10. Give the pre-1925 name of the city of Stalingrad.
11. From where did the plant "bougainvillea" get its name?
12. In AD 79, which city was ruined by the great eruption of Mount Vesuvius?
13. Identify the flower shown in the picture.

(See page 97)

Words that pay

The word ***pay*** can be used as a noun, a verb or in an idiom. ***Pay*** is originally from the French ***paiier*** which meant 'to appease or pacify.' The Latin influence corrupted the root word and ***paiier*** became ***pacare*** which meant 'to please or satisfy a creditor'. The original word was further distorted and the word ***pay,*** meaning 'to give money that is due for goods or services', was attested by the English in the 16th century. It seems, the word payday was first recorded in the English Gazette in 1529.

The expression ***"to pay through the nose"*** means to pay too high a price. Popular folklore has it that the phrase dates back to 9th century Ireland. The Danish conquerors demanded tribute from the local Irish peasants and nobles. They slit open the noses of anyone who refused to pay. So, when something costs a lot of money, it is natural to say one is ***paying an arm and a leg*** or one has to ***pay through the nose.***

There are many ways to buy a product. When we make prompt cash payment, we ***pay on the nail.*** In the medieval marketplace, honest dealing was encouraged by setting up pillar-like counters known as 'nails'. Money was literally placed on the nail in full public view as bargains were struck. As proof of this, four bronze 'nails' still stand on the pavement outside the Stock Exchange in Bristol.

Persons who became words

Joule (1818-1889)

James Prescott Joule was born in Salford, near Manchester, England, in 1818. He enjoyed spending a lot of his spare time in performing experiments in science.

In those days, people believed that heat was a fluid. Joule disproved this idea and developed the concept that heat is one of the many forms of energy and that the sum total of all kinds of energy in any system remained the same. His concept of conservation of energy is an important milestone in the history of science in the West. His name had become the unit of energy, in the world of science. He passed away on 11 October 1889 and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Answers

RIDDLES

Page 27
Queue
Page 88
Eggs

SLYLOCK FOX

Solution: Slylock will use the candle flame to heat the snooze solution and cause it to evaporate before the sixty minutes have expired.

TRY IT...

Page 72
Numbers 1 and 3.
Page 82
Rabbit's tail, bird in sky, jacket, cat's eyes, snow-man's hair and arm.

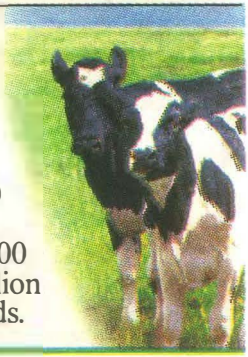
CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Penguin 7. Oar 8. Steam 9. Lied 10. Fear 13. Gauze 15. UPS 16. Rivulet
Down: 2. Eyrie 3. Gush 4. Ice 5. College 6. Empress 11. Elude 12. Menu 14. Uni

QUIZ OF THE MONTH

1. Sir Alec Guinness
2. Fr. Christopher Clavius
3. Article 24
4. Babur
5. Between 21 to 144 million years ago
6. Jamsetji Nusserwanji Tata
7. The Bald Eagle
8. Darfur
9. Wolfsburg
10. Tsaritsyn
11. From the French navigator Louis Antoine Comte de Bougainville
12. Pompeii
13. Passion flower.

Did You Know?



Cattle are descended from a creature called the wild auroch, which was tamed 9,000 years ago. There are now over 200 breeds of domestic cow.

Sheep were first domesticated over 10,000 years ago. There are now more than 700 million sheep in the world, and 800 different breeds.

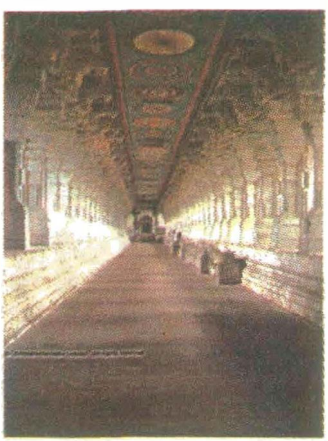
RAMANATHASWAMY TEMPLE

Ramanathaswamy Temple is situated in Rameswaram, an island in the Bay of Bengal. It is off the eastern coast of Tamilnadu. Rameswaram can be reached via the Pamban Bridge built across the sea.

The temple is an important place of worship for both Saivites and Vaishnavites. The temple, dedicated to Lord Siva, is believed to have been visited by Lord Rama, on his return from Lanka after defeating Ravana. The temple also represents the southernmost of the 12 jyotirlingas in the country. It is considered as holy as the Kasi Viswanath temple in Varanasi.

Many rulers have helped to build the temple at Rameswaram. Initially, the temple was housed in a thatched hut. After the 12th century, Parakrama Bahu, the ruler of Sri Lanka, built the first masonry building. The Sethupathy rulers of Ramanathapuram completed the other works.

The temple has three prakarams and is spread over an area of 15 acres. The temple also has lofty gopurams. The gopuram on the eastern side is 38.4 m high and has nine storeys. The western gopuram is smaller than the eastern one. The northern and the southern ones remain unfinished.

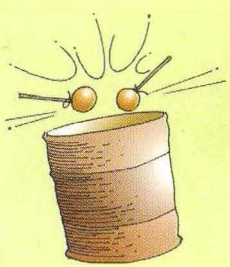
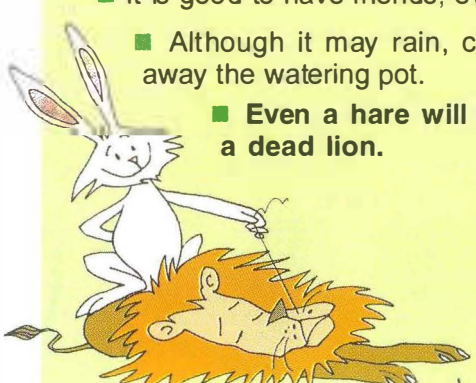


The main attraction is a 1,219m long corridor–the longest in the world. There are nearly 4,000 pillars in the corridor. All these pillars are intricately carved and are 3.7m high each. These carved granite pillars are mounted on a raised platform, nearly 1.5 m high. The most amazing factor is that the rocks are not indigenous to the place and had been brought from the mainland.

The temple is a grand example of Dravidian style of art, architecture, and sculpture.

Proverbs

- **Though a tree grows ever so high, the falling leaves return to the root.**
- No peacock envies another peacock his tail.
- Nothing dries sooner than tears.
- One loyal friend is worth ten thousand relatives.



- **There is plenty of sound in an empty barrel.**
- Tell not all you know, believe not all your hear, do not all you are able.
- No matter how much you feed a wolf he will always return to the forest.
- He who is contented is not always rich.
- It is good to have friends, even in hell.
- Although it may rain, cast not away the watering pot.
- **Even a hare will insult a dead lion.**